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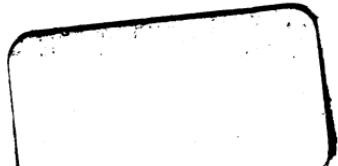
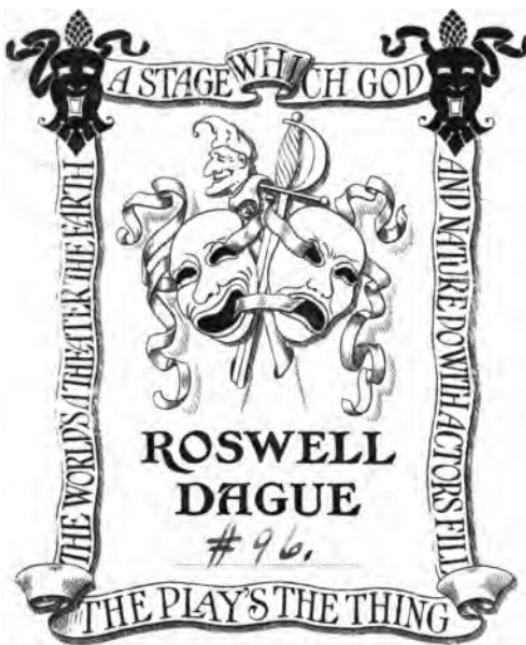
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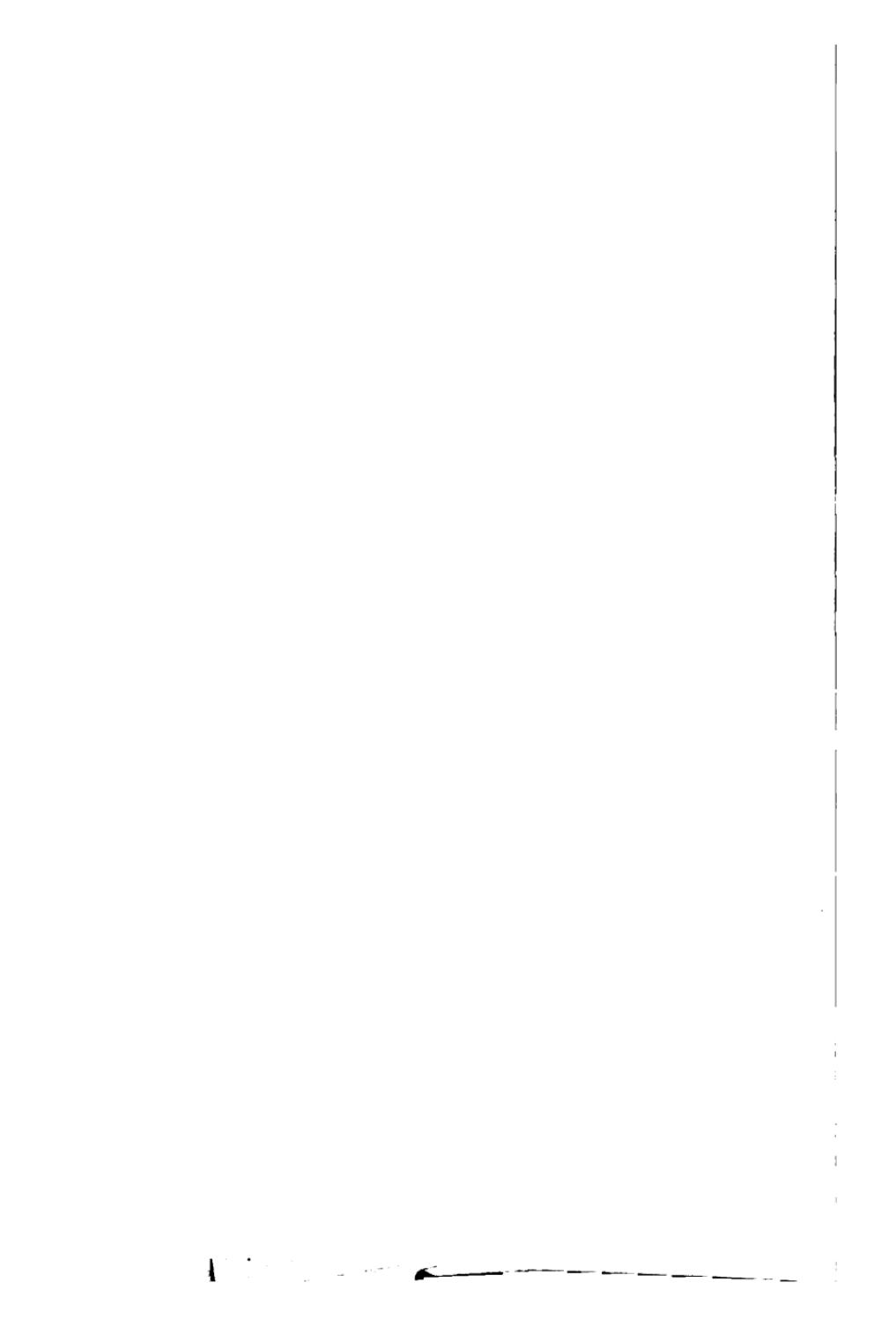
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Greetings to You,  
Roswell Dague  
from  
"me"

November 1st 1917-

New York, N.Y.



# YOUTH



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# YOUTH

BY  
**MAX HALBE**

TRANSLATED BY  
**SARA TRACY BARROWS**



WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY  
**LUDWIG LEWISOHN**

**GARDEN CITY** **NEW YORK**  
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## TO MY YOUTH

*Tell me the tales that to me were so dear,  
Sing me the song I delighted to hear  
Long, long ago. . . .*



## GENERAL INTRODUCTION

The modern German drama in prose, more perhaps than the drama of any age or country, has set itself the aim of understanding the nature and the qualities of human life. This effort, made and pursued with an almost consecrated earnestness, has necessarily tended to break the moulds into which the traditional art of the theatre had been cast. We cannot too often remind ourselves that that art made its selection from the material of life not only under the limitations of a few essential conventions, but of many that were unmeaning and arbitrary. In extreme cases it ceased to bear any relation to reality and became an artifice sustained only by its own fragile laws and living only during the brief and hectic hours of actual representation. Congreve is a great writer and Scribe a very small one. As imitations or interpretations of human life the plays of neither have more meaning than a game of billiards. But an imitation or interpretation of human life is the

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one aim of every serious playwright of modern Germany. Hence it is plain that the modern German drama which has been called "static" and "quietist" and other names in which is implicit a comparison with the traditional artifices of the stage, should not be judged by the light of such a comparison at all. It should be judged by its own innermost intention which is, like the intention of every other sound and living human art, to offer what Matthew Arnold long ago demanded of the highest poetry—a criticism of life.

I have used the expression: interpretation of human life. And that is, in truth, just what Arnold meant in his famous phrase. But a distinction is to be made at once. For we shall not understand the drama of modern Germany if we imagine that it interprets life by applying the measure of any anterior prejudice, any rigid standard, any assumption of what it ought to be. For "moral judgments," as Hauptmann says in *Gabriel Schilling's Flight*, "are, of course, only ways of avoiding thought and understanding." Men live, inevitably, by embracing very different sets of values. These values, as they are embodied in the practice of life, are set forth through character in the German drama. But the playwright scrupulously refrains from assigning to

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any such set of values an absolute or even a superior validity. The meaning of life is not summed up in a moral or a lesson or even a principle. The meaning of life is—life! From the concrete and particular human truth, if it be full and exact, arise the reflections and emotions that reach into eternity. Thus there are no heroes in the modern German drama and very few villains. But many of the souls who people that stage illustrate the struggle of all our modern world for new values and ideals by which life can be made more tolerable and more meaningful.

It is quite clear, then, why this drama has been called “static” and “quietist.” Like the drama of every age it exhibits character in action. But its aim is truth. And violent and external action is not a note of our civilization in its normal state. Even our gravest conflicts, those that arise from the clash between social and personal morality, are apt to be devoid of loud activity and sudden catastrophes, of events so involved as to arouse suspense of the cruder kind, of moral differentiations so gross and definite as to flatter the prejudices and soothe the self-approbation of the romantic crowd. No, the modern German drama stresses the moral and spiritual atmosphere into which men are born, the in-

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fluences which make and often enslave them, the struggle of the true personality to possess itself, to become what it was really destined to be. In a word, the supreme concern of this art is with character—character which makes life and is fate. And thus it happens that to each one of the naturalistic playwrights of modern Germany, not to Hauptmann and Schnitzler alone, will be granted some day Hazlitt's noble and yet sober praise of Hogarth, that "he has left behind him as many memorable faces, in their memorable movements, as perhaps most of us remember in the course of our lives, and has thus doubled the quantity of our observation."

The American reader of this series will ask at once: But does so austere and uncompromising an art hold the stage? It does. And it does so by virtue of the level of taste attained by the contemporary German audience, and by virtue of the organization of the German stage. In the German Empire, the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, and the Swiss Republic (primarily, of course, in the first) there exist to-day, in addition to the numerous stages due to private enterprise, over ninety municipal and over thirty court theatres. These one hundred and twenty stages support stock companies of serious artistic

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attainments and are quite independent of the hunt for the exaggerated profits of a long run. They are forced, on the contrary, to present very varied programs to satisfy the exacting demands of the communities which they serve. The results of this state of affairs may be instructively illustrated by recording some of the plays presented in the German speaking countries of central Europe during a given month. I select April, 1913, a typical spring month toward the close of the season, less brilliant and varied in its offerings than a typical winter month.

During this month the German people were able to witness two plays of Sophocles and nineteen of Shakespeare. The latter included not only the great tragedies and romantic comedies (*The Merchant of Venice* leading with twenty performances) but also *Cymbeline*, *Richard II*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and *The Comedy of Errors*. In the same month were presented four plays of Molière and one of Beaumarchais. Seven plays by Goethe were given (the first part of *Faust* leading with twenty-two performances), ten by Schiller, and three by Lessing. Kleist and Grillparzer are each represented by five plays, Hebbel, the great German dramatist of the silver age, by nine. During this same month it was

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possible to see on German stages every one of the prose plays of Ibsen, from *The League of Youth* to *When We Dead Awaken—The Pillars of Society* seven times, *Hedda Gabler* twelve times, *The Lady from the Sea* five times, *Ghosts* seven, and even *Little Eyolf* five times. I now pass on to our immediate contemporaries. There were presented fourteen plays by Hauptmann, twelve by Sudermann, eight by Schnitzler, four by Hartleben, three by Halbe, three by Dreyer, eight by Wedekind, two by Hofmannsthal, three by Maeterlink, one each by Rostand, Brieux, Tchecchov and Gorky, two by Galsworthy, and seven by Shaw. Nor must I fail to add seven plays by Strindberg and three by Oscar Wilde, and the fact that I have omitted such admirable names as Schoenherr, Keyserling, and Thoma on the ground that their reputations have not yet become international. These names and numbers, I take it, will bring home to us more effectively than anything else a just appreciation of the modern German theatre and of the drama of character and ideas which it supports. To reflect upon them, moreover, may not be without value to those who have seriously at heart the future fortunes of the American drama.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN.

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## SPECIAL INTRODUCTION

Among the writers of a given period there are often one or two, not always the most eminent, almost never the faultless, whom one regards with something akin to affection. Such an one is Max Halbe. One may say that his psychology is not often profound, that he has few ideas, that he cannot build a satisfactory last act—that searching test of the great playwright. It is all true. Or one may say that he has very memorably achieved the expression of but a single mood. And that is also true. But one should add that that mood is of the very essence of the poetry and the pathos of human life—of every human life. Or, rather, no longer of every human life. I see youth all about me without one touch of yearning, mortally busy in the pursuit of respectable advantages, without dreams or passions or conflicts. But apart from the congregations of success there must still be those who from the memory of one tremor felt long ago, one exquisite white

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moment of life, one dream that never came true, can draw the knowledge of the charm and meaning of Halbe's art.

He was born in the ancient province of West Prussia, in the Vistula country, in 1865. The landscape as well as the emotions of his youth have affected him powerfully and he has commemorated the former finely and austere in his play, *The River* (1904). But, indeed, throughout his plays, as throughout those of many of his contemporaries, the countryside has ceased to be merely background or material for a good stage-picture. The cool, pale blue of the Norwegian coast is inseparable from Ibsen, the hills and valleys of Silesia from Hauptmann, the East Prussian plains from Sudermann's worthier work. In the plays of all these men, as in the second act of Galsworthy's *Strife*, the character and mood of the external world have become powerful factors in the dramatic action—not as in an older type of play and story as an expression of the moods of man, or a contrast to them, but as a vital force in the moulding of human fate. The modern landscape play does not employ snow in order that the erring daughter may be driven out into a cold world, or thunder to mark the moment of the villain's defeat. Beyond

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the windows of these rooms in which so many contemporary tragedies are rightly placed, stretches that peculiar world which is the landscape not only of the earth, but of the soul, the landscape which tempers and modulates so subtly all that men think and do. A mastery of this element in modern dramaturgy and a mastery of the full poignancy of a few eternal moods and dreams—these are the distinctive virtues of Max Halbe's art.

That art found its fullest and most perfect expression in *Youth*. The play was first produced in 1893. Its success on the stage was immediate and has been sustained with undiminished vigor to the present day. The play holds the stage wherever German is spoken; not a month, scarcely a week passes without a number of performances. Thus, for instance, in January, 1914, one could almost have marked the uttermost boundaries of Germanic speech and art by the performances of *Youth*. It was played in the Swiss city of Bern and at Czernowitz in the Bukowina, at Rostock on the Baltic and at Bielitz in Austrian Silesia: it was also played during the same month at Essen-Ruhr, Gablonz, Hanau, Osnabrück, Nürnberg (*Intimes Theater*), and München (*Schauspielhaus*). And but the other day, on January 7,

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1916, a performance of the play was given at the Irving Place Theatre in New York. Clearly, then, *Youth* has been and is now an important factor in the living art of the theatre.

I would have this fact borne in mind by those among us, unhappily they are many, who would be inclined to deny the play those characteristics which are, in the narrower sense, "of the theatre." There is no complication of plot; there is practically no suspense; the tragic ending, in some form, is quite certain. There is not even a great scene. Hoppe's single outburst serves only to round out his character and hardly heightens the dramatic situation. I may go even further and say that there is no struggle. For assuredly Hans and Annchen, being what they are, are doomed from the beginning. And, indeed, they are quite conscious of their doom. According to all the rules of the theatrical game, the play should never have reached the stage, should, at least, never have held it, nor even, masquerading as a play and yet being no play, have passed through twenty editions in book form. Fortunately art is not a game and there are no rules. Every artist creates his own form, shaping the medium, forcing from it its ultimate flexibility, in the service of his temper and his aims.

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In a fine and deep and perfectly legitimate sense, then, *Youth* is lyrical. And is not *Romeo and Juliet* lyrical, too? Is it not dramatic in the traditional sense merely through the quite empty and external device of making the young lovers children of families in a state of feud? The permanent charm of the play is in that cry of the imperious instincts of youth—youth, to which poetry and passion, beauty and love are one. One . . . ! And not only in Verona amid the burnished gold and purple of the Renaissance, but equally in that shabby West Prussian house within sight of the melancholy Vistula. Like Romeo and Juliet, Hans and Annchen must forget the motives that divide them. And those motives are deep and true. Hans cannot bear to think of his parents, so characteristically German, who have hoped and striven for their boy's intellectual development and future with such fervor; Annchen is stricken by the thought of her ingratitude to her admirable uncle. But the earth is too full of spring, and the mould-stained radish which Amandus throws on the table is a homely symbol of that eternal creative process in the grasp of which the whole world travails, but which in man alone assumes forms of beauty and tragedy. That beauty and that

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tragedy are expressed in *Youth* in the common accents of our daily speech, in *Romeo and Juliet* they are expressed in gorgeous verse. Shakespeare stirs us to a higher admiration of the art of poetry and dazzles us with the visible splendors of the world. I am not sure that Halbe does not move us more deeply and more humanly, and reaches more poignantly our sense of the realities of youth and love.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN.

The Ohio State University,

February 26, 1916.

## CHARACTERS

**REV. MR. HOPPE**

**ANNCHEN**

**AMANDUS**

**FATHER GREGOR VON SCHIGORSKI**

**HANS HARTWIG**

**MARUSCHKA**

*All three acts are laid in the living-room of the parsonage  
at Ruszno, a small town in Polish West Prussia.*

## DESCRIPTION OF CHARACTERS

**REV. MR. HOPPE**, *fifty years old, square-built, and vigorous; round, ruddy face. There is a slight touch of clerical dignity in his appearance, which does not, however, become unpleasantly ministerial. He gives in the main an impression of exuberant strength which has been softened by years and by his deeply assimilated experience of life. His garb is the usual one of the Roman Catholic clergyman in the country, but comfortable, careless, with a tinge of the secular. Nor does his beard-stubble conform strictly to regulations.*

**ANNCHEN**, *his niece. She is eighteen years old. Her brown eyes are slightly misty. Her ash-blond hair falls in a confusion of curls over her brow. She is of a Slavic type, her face is oval, she has a warm fullness of figure, a naïve sensuousness; there is something receptive, softly feminine, yielding about her. Also in the way in which she carries herself there is something submissive and clinging. She loves bright*

## CHARACTERS

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*colors. About her neck she has a little gold cross on a cord.*

**AMANDUS**, *her step-brother, seventeen years old, tall, half-witted, childish. His existence is conditioned merely by his animal impulses; these are strongly accentuated. His motions are uncouth and awkward, as if he did not know what to do with his hands. He looks like an imbecile peasant boy. In his black eyes lurks the cunning of a beast. One must beware of irritating him.*

**FATHER GREGOR VON SCHIGORSKI**, *HOPPE's assistant. He is toward the end of the twenties, but looks older. He is gaunt, of middle height. His ascetic life has furrowed his face and given him a look of spirituality beyond his years. His hair and complexion are dark, his face is smooth-shaven. There is a bluish shimmer over his beardless cheeks. In bearing and speech he is the Polish clergyman. He speaks rather hastily, and like all Catholic clergymen, assiduously avoids the evangelical tone, although he has a sustained manner of expression. All his passion is concentrated in the teachings of the Roman Catholic Church. He is not an intrigant but a fanatic.*

**HANS HARTWIG**, *a young student, eighteen years of age. He is still rather unformed in appearance.*

## CHARACTERS

*He is blond, of middle height, very animated and vivacious, with a tendency to nervousness and the beginnings of a mustache. In his rapid and disconnected speech there is revealed a passionate and impulsive nature. All in all, the embryo of a person swayed by the special feelings and tendencies of the age, in the chrysalis of the first university semester.*

**MARUSCHKA**, a servant maid. *She is of the type of the Polish country girl, with the head of a Madonna on a figure that has a tendency to voluptuousness.*

*The scene is laid in Polish West Prussia.*

**YOUTH**

**Act 1**



## ACT I

*Parsonage in Ruszno (Rosenau). Moderate-sized living-room, separated by simple, dark curtains from the drawing-room behind it. Rather old mahogany furniture of the style of our fathers. At the left front a sofa upholstered in dark colors, with a square, covered table and cane chairs before it. The middle of the left wall is occupied by a wide window, none too high, through which one can look out into the garden. At the left back a writing-desk with a rack for books. Opposite the garden window in the right wall a door, which leads to the kitchen and farther out to the court. In front at the left of the door a moderately high bookcase with theological and historical works, crowned by a gilded crucifix. At the right back a linen-press. The floor is covered with a dark carpet. Over the sofa a clock is ticking. A picture of the Madonna looks down from the writing-desk.*

*It is a day in the middle of April between seven and eight in the morning. FATHER VINZENZ HOPPE, in*

*a comfortable house-coat, is sitting at the table writing. The room is filled with pleasant morning light. Suddenly he looks up and pauses. From the drawing-room enter FATHER GREGOR VON SCHIGORSKI, ANNCHEN, and AMANDUS. The chaplain is in his vestments, ANNCHEN in a gay, daintily coquettish kerchief and closely fitting cloak; she carries a prayer-book in her hand. AMANDUS has a Polish cap on his head.*

ANNCHEN [*runs up to her uncle*]. Good morning, uncle dear! [*Kisses his hand*.]

FATHER VON SCHIGORSKI [*at the same time taking off his priest's cap*]. Jesus Christ be praised!

HOPPE [*murmuring in a low tone*]. In eternity, amen. [*Aloud*]: Good morning, young lady! [*Looks at his watch*.] You folks are late, late! The mass should be over not later than half-past seven. . . . Well, well, Amandus, what's the matter with your hat?

[AMANDUS stands there with his cap on his head, grinning.]

ANNCHEN [*goes up to him, takes his cap off*]. Prosza, Kochanne! When you come into the room, you must take your hat off. How often shall I have to

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tell you that, Amandus? There, now, say good morning to uncle! Quickly! [Pushes him toward her uncle.]

AMANDUS [grinning]. Morning, uncle. [Kisses his hand, grins again.]

HOPPE [jocosely]. Good morning, my young friend!

SCHIGORSKI [who up to this time has been standing at the table by the sofa looking on, to ANNCHEN, smiling]. How much has to go into his poor, poor brain, Panna Annuschka! Oh, such a strict mistress!

AMANDUS [looks out of the window]. Shines beautiful to-day . . . beautiful sun—with pantomime]. Warm! [Rushes suddenly out of the door, puts his head in again, cries with a grin]: Spring, isn't it? . . . [Makes a questioning gesture, disappears.]

ANNCHEN [calling after him]. Yes, spring, brother dear, spring! [Joyously.] Off he goes, out of sight already! . . . Dear me! Here I stand five minutes before eight and uncle hasn't his coffee yet! Give me a good scolding, uncle dear! But it's all Father von Schigorski's fault. Why did he make the mass last so long? [Takes off her kerchief and cloak, while HOPPE continues to write at the desk.]

SCHIGORSKI [*has turned to go, turns around again*]. Bargain with our Lord God, Panna Annuschka? Cut short the sacrifice of the eucharist, Pannie? If you have no time for our Lord God, what if some day your Lord God should have no time—[with a gesture]—for you . . . *some day*, Pannie? [Turns again to the door at the right, goes out slowly.]

ANNCHEN [*behind him*]. Don't stay upstairs reading so long this time, Father von Schigorski. Don't let your nice coffee get cold again! [Turns back to the room again.] Father Gregor gets cross right away, if you say a thing, just as cross! [Calls]: Maruschka! Is the coffee ready? Maruschka! [Goes to the door again as she speaks.]

MARUSCHKA'S VOICE [*from the kitchen*]. Tak, Pannie! Tak! Tak! [ANNCHEN exits.]

[HOPPE continues to write for a moment, then stops, rises, walks up and down with signs of impatience, compares his watch with the clock.]

ANNCHEN [*comes with the coffee service*]. There, uncle dear! Now we can have our breakfast right away! Right away! Right away! [Arranges the breakfast table.]

HOPPE [*pacing up and down*]. Our good Gregor!

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There are people, of course, who never know how to stop. Out of the smallest service he makes a pontifical mass! And for nothing at all! That really isn't suitable for our people. The Lord's prayer is more to them than the longest sermon. He hasn't got the seminary out of his system yet, our good Gregor! [Sits down at the breakfast table.]

ANNCHEN [standing at the table]. Oh, uncle dear, he really sincerely means well, but he just doesn't understand it yet. And, dear me! He celebrated his first mass only last year! Now a person like you! You've been a priest for nearly twenty-five years! When I see how quickly you do it—one, two, three! The people all prefer to have you celebrate, uncle dear! [Putting her hand up to her head with a gesture of dismay.] Oh, I'm a—— No cream! No butter! [Exits hastily, returns after a moment with cream and butter.] There, now! Shall I spread you some, uncle dear? [Cuts the bread.]

HOPPE [drinking his coffee]. But our good Gregor will really have to learn that. [Reflectively, half to himself.] The funeral mass for Mrs. Ostrowska tomorrow. . . .

ANNCHEN [goes to the window, opens it, calls out]. Amandus! Breakfast! [Comes back again, sits down

*on the sofa, begins to drink her coffee, falls into meditation, then suddenly.]* You know, when I think . . . . Mrs. Ostrowska! The poor thing! How hard it must have been for her to die! To leave those poor little things all alone in the world! Without any one! . . . . I keep thinking all the time, uncle dear, she must come back! She can have no rest in the grave!

HOPPE. Your poor mother thought so, too. How many years ago that is! I can hear it still as if it were to-day! As if it were to-day! The dear good child! . . . . Up there, Anna—up there we shall all see each other again!

ANNCHEN [*naively*]. And can't one really come back? Not even as a spirit? Ah, uncle dear?

HOPPE [*going on with his breakfast, in a lighter tone*]. I have never met one yet, Anna. I am fifty-two years old. We must put up with ourselves as we are. I tell you, if your poor mother could, she surely would have done it. It was hard enough for her to leave you two, you may believe me. But it must have a strong hold that world, a strong hold.

ANNCHEN [*after a moment, in a low tone*]. Uncle dear, how did darling mother really look? Something like me?

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HOPPE. Like you! Only darker hair. . . . And perhaps somewhat taller. . . . [Absorbed in thought.] Somewhat taller. . . . But not much! . . . Our Etta! . . . Well! . . . A lovely child! . . .

ANNCHEN. It always vexes me when Amandus says that he takes after darling mother.

HOPPE. Amandus takes after his father. You remember your step-father, don't you, Anna?

ANNCHEN. Very faintly, uncle dear, very faintly.

HOPPE. A fine-looking man, our good Klein! And a clear mind. [Smiling.] Unfortunately, our poor Amandus did not inherit that from his father.

[Silence.]

ANNCHEN [softly]. And *my* father, uncle dear?

HOPPE [soberly]. Why do you ask about that, Anna?

ANNCHEN [is silent for a moment, then suddenly throws her arms around her uncle's neck]. Uncle dear, I cannot help thinking about it so much, because to-day is darling mother's birthday.

HOPPE [surprised]. Etta's birth—— Now you see, my child, how forgetful one becomes. You could have struck me dead—— [Folds his hands

*as if involuntarily.]* May the earth rest lightly upon her!

[*Silence.*]

ANNCHEN [*hesitatingly*]. Uncle dear, don't be vexed if I ask you something.

HOPPE. What do you wish to know, my child?

ANNCHEN [*hesitatingly*]. Did mother have a very hard time on account—on account of her—her—sin?

HOPPE. Let her rest in peace, Anna! Your good mother has expiated her sin. God has forgiven her.

ANNCHEN. And she—she, *too*, uncle dear?

HOPPE [*simply*]. We all have our burdens to bear! May God forgive us as he has forgiven her! Why do you weep?

ANNCHEN [*represses her tears, softly*]. Because darling mother—died so early.

HOPPE. Your step-father was a good man. He cared for you as for his own child. You have much to thank him for—even your name. But I will tell you, your mother did not forgive herself. That is why she didn't live to be old.

[*Silence. They eat their breakfast mechanically.*]

ANNCHEN [*suddenly*]. What would have become of us, uncle dear, without you?

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HOPPE [*evasively*]. Oh, indeed, and now I suppose I shall have to live a long time for your sakes?

ANNCHEN [*suddenly*]. Do you know, uncle dear, if you don't want me any longer, what I'll do?

HOPPE [*smiling*]. Well, little girl, get married?

ANNCHEN. I'll be a sister and enter a convent!

HOPPE. If they would take you, Anna! You must think that over very carefully, my child—very, very carefully! That isn't to be trifled with! But I can readily imagine who is at the bottom of that, too!

ANNCHEN [*shaking her head*]. Oh, the very idea, uncle dear!

HOPPE [*undeterred*]. That is surely our good Gregor again.

AMANDUS [*rushes in from the kitchen, thrusts something out at ANNCHEN, cries out with an imbecile laugh*]. Here! Here!

HOPPE [*half provoked*]. Boy, are you quite—

ANNCHEN [*looks at it in surprise*]. A radish! Uncle dear, he has found a radish! The first radish!

AMANDUS [*points at the coffee, then at himself, with a questioning grin*]. Coffee?

ANNCHEN [*pushes him into the chair at her left*]. There! Sit down, my dear boy! Drink your coffee!

HOPPE [*has been examining the radish, lays it down*]. Where did you scratch that up from, pray tell, Amandus?

AMANDUS [*grinning*]. Dungheap!

ANNCHEN. Now spring is really coming! Uncle dear, I'd like to *dance*!

SCHIGORSKI [*entering in the meanwhile from the right, has heard the last words*]. Dance, Pannie? Dance *to-day*? [*Comes up to the table, shakes his finger warningly at her. He has taken off his vestments and wears a black coat*.]

ANNCHEN [*rather coquettishly*]. Oh, Father von Schigorski always has to hear *everything*!

SCHIGORSKI [*has taken his seat, gravely*]. On this day, Panna Annuschka? On this day, of all days?

[ANNCHEN looks down, is silent.]

HOPPE [*somewhat sharply*]. Children, what has this day to do with it?

ANNCHEN [*hastily*]. Uncle dear, why you know . . . darling mother's—

[HOPPE *rises silently, paces up and down. Pause.*]

SCHIGORSKI [*sipping his coffee*]. I thought, your Reverence, we might read a mass for the soul of the deceased. Perhaps in the near future. Panna

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Annuschka told me about it too late, or we could have taken this morning for it.

HOPPE [*pacing up and down*]. I thought you knew, Anna, we have always had the mass for your dear mother's soul late in August—on the anniversary of her death.

ANNCHEN. Uncle dear, couldn't we have it twice?

HOPPE [*stopping before her*]. If you want to do something especial for your mother——

ANNCHEN. Well, don't you think we might, uncle dear? Father von Schigorski thinks so.

SCHIGORSKI. According to the doctrines and precepts of our holy church, Panna Annuschka.

HOPPE [*pacing up and down*]. Certainly, my child, we can have the mass for the soul of your dear mother.

[AMANDUS, *who has for some time been sitting with his eyes fixed on the radish, suddenly reaches for it and devours it with great relish.*]

ANNCHEN [*in comical vexation*]. Fie, Amandus! Not even washed! With the dirt and everything! Shame on you! Fie!

AMANDUS [*comfortably grinning, patting his stomach*]. Good! Good!

HOPPE [*has paced to and fro thoughtfully*]. This

new generation! Well, well, youth! Youth! They are in such a rush! They would like best of all to build Rome in a day! Later—when one gets along in years—

SCHIGORSKI. When one's old, one grows cold, a German proverb tells us.

HOPPE [*standing still*]. You young folks in the theological seminary now—you have too much in your heads! But when you have to use it. . . . I feel that you understand life too little! And that's what I require first of all of a priest.

SCHIGORSKI. But where shall we obtain knowledge of life, your Reverence? How withstand the temptations of life, its troubles, its doubts . . . the attacks of the enemy, if theological science does not come to the aid of our faith? A priest without the knowledge of our venerable theological literature is like a soldier without weapons, whom the enemy will attack and take captive.

HOPPE [*has sat down at the breakfast table again*]. When I think of my youth and then look at you, it often makes me wonder. We were also quite well up in science. I'd match myself against any one even now in debate, in dogmatics, or anything else. But we took hold of the thing at the other end.

ANNCHEN. Oh, well, uncle dear, you can do anything!

HOPPE [*thoughtfully*]. Yes, what didn't we as young priests have on our shoulders! Worked? Why, I really worked like a horse! But not over books. There was no time at all for that. Wouldn't my Father Superior have given me a look if I had! The practical work in the parish! The result was that I knew every one of my parishioners by his first name. The people would have gone through fire for me. And then one gets an insight into life. And yet there were many merry hours, too! . . . Ah, yes, children, when one is still young and full of spirits——

ANNCHEN. Why, uncle dear, you are still so young!

HOPPE. Yes, one's heart is young, even if one's bones are old.

ANNCHEN [*teasingly*]. And Father von Schigorski here, he is always so serious, so gloomy . . .

SCHIGORSKI [*with restraint*]. Temperaments are different, Panna Annuschka. We must be content with our lot, as it has fallen to us.

MARUSCHKA [*puts her head in through the crack of the door, cries*]. Pannie! Prosza Pannie! Poczta!

ANNCHEN [*rises and goes toward her*]. Your mail,

uncle dear! [Takes the mail from MARUSCHKA.] Oh, and you have so much to-day!

[MARUSCHKA has looked on for a moment, then goes.]

AMANDUS [*chances to look through the window, screams suddenly*]. All the chickens! All the chickens! [Jumps up and runs out of the door.]

ANNCHEN [*having given HOPPE the mail, hastens to the window*]. What is the matter with him again? [Looks out.] Oh, my gracious! the chickens in the garden! Why, all the chickens! And how they are picking! Our nice grass seed! [Tears open the window.] Quick, Amandus! Quick!

HOPPE [*with the mail in his hand*]. Is he getting them out?

ANNCHEN [*watching eagerly*]. And Bello running after, too! Oh, what a dog that is! Now he is scattering them again! [Calling out]: Bello, are you going to—— Through the gate, Amandus, through the gate!

HOPPE [*looking over the mail, absent-mindedly*]. Can't he do it?

ANNCHEN [*more calmly*]. There! Now! At last! [Shuts the window.] They would have picked out all the fresh seed.

HOPPE. Here is a letter for you, Father von Schigorski. Postmark Breslau. [Gives him the letter.]

SCHIGORSKI [opens the letter eagerly]. Ah, really! Sooner than I could have hoped! [Reads.]

HOPPE [takes up a postal card]. Whose handwriting is that? I don't know it at all!

ANNCHEN [comes back to the table]. Isn't there anything there for me, uncle dear?

HOPPE [reading]. Nothing for you. From whom would you be getting anything? [Looking up.] Well, Anna, do you know that a guest is coming?

ANNCHEN [incredulously]. Oh, you're jesting, uncle dear. A guest? For us? You don't mean it! Who, pray tell?

HOPPE [roguishly]. Well, guess, little girl!

ANNCHEN [still incredulous]. A guest? Who could be coming, I'd like to know! Oh, uncle dear, the Rev. Father Panetzki is coming! Or it's the Rev. Father Bartel who is announcing his arrival. . . . Or His Reverence the Dean. . . . Isn't it, uncle dear? Do tell me! [Tries to cajole him into giving her the card.]

HOPPE [holding it fast]. No, no priest. Somebody else!

ANNCHEN [curious]. Not a priest? Somebody

else! Oh, uncle dear, do show it to me! [*Meditatively.*] But who can it be, then? Who can it be?

HOPPE [*amused*]. Not a priest! In fact, no one connected with the church at all! Some one quite different! Some one you would never think of! A young student!

ANNCHEN [*with mouth wide open*]. Ooooh! [*Lossing hope again.*] Oh, nonsense! You don't mean it! It surely isn't true! I know, you just want to make a person curious, and afterward there is nothing in it! I don't believe you at all! [*Reflecting.*] A young student?

HOPPE. A newly fledged one—Hans Hartwig! [Gives her the card.] There, read that!

ANNCHEN [*in great surprise*]. Hans Hartwig of Lichtenau? Cousin Hans? When is he coming—when?

HOPPE. Cousin Hans, yes, whom you used to know as a child. You two must be about the same age.

ANNCHEN [*enthusiastically*]. Little Hans! [*Reading.*] Gracious! What a handwriting! But that is the way with the cleverest people! [*Looking up.*] Cousin Hans is said to be such a clever fellow—didn't you always tell me that? [*Continues to read.*]

HOPPE. Yes, according to what I have heard

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about him. You must consider, Anna, that I have not seen him since you were in Lichtenau, when you were both of you such little chickens, each smaller than the other.

ANNCHEN [*again in excitement*]. Just think! Hans! To come now! As a student! I can still remember exactly how he looked! So small and hot-tempered! But he was very good to me! He has a good heart! [*Goes on reading*.]

HOPPE [*thoughtfully*]. Like his mother! Your aunt is a very clever woman, Anna—a very clever little woman.

ANNCHEN [*looking up*]. And he writes with such dash, uncle dear, just like a real student! One, two, three! Dear uncle, passed, excused from the oral examination! Just think, uncle dear, excused from the examination! When I look at our Amandus there!

SCHIGORSKI [*has read his letter over and over again, sinking at times into deep meditation. He has then put the letter into his pocket and listened attentively. Then in reproachful tones*]. Blessed are the poor in spirit, Pannie, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

ANNCHEN. Just imagine, uncle dear! Only eighteen, and so far along! He is just exactly as old as I!

And is going to the university! [Dancing around.] Well, well, Hans! When is he coming, anyway? What does he write? [Goes to the table again to read the card.]

SCHIGORSKI [*gravely*]. Look at our Panna, our Panna, your Reverence! She is quite upset!

ANNCHEN. Shouldn't a person be glad, when such an unusual guest comes—with whom one has played as a child? . . . Why, uncle dear, you are so sober all of a sudden! Because Hans is coming? [Goes to him, puts her arm around him.]

HOPPE [*absorbed in thought*]. You see, Anna, as you were together with Hans, so was I once with Hans' mother. For years and years! Not like you, only for a few days!

ANNCHEN [*close beside him*]. Later, too, weren't you, uncle dear?

HOPPE. Oh, yes, child. Long enough! When we were young people like you, too. You know we were together at school. That is to say, of course, in the same town.

ANNCHEN [*astonished*]. What, uncle dear? Did you go to the university, too? What did you study, then? I thought you went directly to the seminary.

HOPPE. Now you see how much you have still to

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find out about your old uncle! Yes, I wanted to study medicine, Anna. Oh, I tell you I was quite a dashing student, in my time, at Breslau.

ANNCHEN. I believe you, uncle dear! I can easily imagine just how you looked—you with your student's cap! What do you think, uncle dear—will Cousin Hans have a student's cap on, too?

HOPPE. I really don't know, Anna. You must wait till he comes.

ANNCHEN [*impatiently*]. Yes, but when is he coming, anyway? The idea of his not writing that! You know there are arrangements to be made!

HOPPE. According to his card, he must be already on the way. You may expect him any day now, Anna.

SCHIGORSKI. He'll turn up all right, the young gentleman, in due time. If he knew how longingly Panna is waiting for him, perhaps he would make haste.

ANNCHEN [*paying no attention to him*]. And, uncle dear, I must bake a cake! I must bake a cake. And we must send to town for some meat, so that we have something in the house, you know! It is dreadful that we can get nothing in the village. Sczychowski can ride over immediately! Shall I make crullers, uncle dear, or pound cake?

HOPPE [*absent-mindedly*]. You see, my dear, your uncle came within a hair's breadth of being a physician instead of a clergyman. And we should not all be sitting here—

ANNCHEN [*close beside him*]. Then we'll be glad, uncle dear, that it has turned out so! Shan't we? Oh, won't it be fun, uncle dear! And when Hans comes, we'll all sing and dance. Father von Schigorski must dance, too. And you will sing us a song—of your youth! A student song! "A jolly fiddle player—"

HOPPE [*falling in with it*]. "Once walked beside the Nile—"

ANNCHEN [*joyously*]. You see, uncle dear, how well that goes! And Hans will sing something, too. . . . Aren't you curious, too, uncle dear, to see how Hans will look?

HOPPE. Like his mother, Anna! Hans resembles his dear mother—as she looked when she was a girl. [*Rises.*]

ANNCHEN. Where are you going, uncle dear?

HOPPE. To read my breviary in quiet. You know, child, this is my time. [*Takes a book from the writing-desk and goes out slowly.*]

ANNCHEN [*going to and fro, in high spirits*]. Oh,

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to-day I am quite—I hardly know what I'm about! And such a beautiful spring day! Such a beautiful spring day! [Opens the window toward the garden and looks out, drawing a deep breath.] How warm the sun shines, so early in the morning!

SCHIGORSKI [*very gravely*]. And your poor mother's birthday to-day, Panna Annuschka, for whose soul we couldn't even say a mass to-day!

ANNCHEN [*at the window, absorbed in thought*]. I really never thought about darling mother's being a child of the spring. I never once thought about it.

SCHIGORSKI. Your mother did not have the life, Pannie, of a child of the spring! [*Rises and paces up and down*.]

ANNCHEN [*with a deep sigh*]. Why must that be brought up over and over again? It happened so long ago, too! And uncle says that darling mother confessed her sin and expiated it. The dear Lord has taken her to him. Why must one always remember that against her? Darling mother has been so long buried. [*Sits down in a chair by the window*.]

SCHIGORSKI [*standing still, with an ascetic expression*]. But the sin of the departed one is not buried with her! The fruit of her sin lives and

clings to worldly thoughts, Panna Annuschka. Even on such a solemn day as to-day the sound of conscience knocking within you must be drowned out and the voice of the past be silenced. But what possibility to forget the sin as long as the child of the sin continues to live in vain worldly pleasure? *[He stands behind her and has raised his voice in speaking.]*

ANNCHEN *[with bowed head, half weeping]*. But what have I done, dear good Father von Schigorski? Because I am glad that Cousin Hans is coming?

SCHIGORSKI *[again pacing up and down]*. Oh, Pannie, the fate of your poor, sinful mother is standing on your path like a warning example, like a hand that is raised, pointing to the place of penance and peace. Oh, Panna Annuschka, for your own salvation, and for the redemption of the poor soul of your dead mother from the tortures of purgatory, offer yourself as a sacrifice! *[Standing still before her in ecstasy.]* Poor, erring soul, find the courage to overcome yourself! Let the inspiration of the Holy Spirit come upon you!

ANNCHEN *[in despair]*. But you know I can't go into the convent without uncle's consent! And uncle doesn't want me to! And anyway, I am still so young! *[Half weeping.]* I don't see why you are

so fearfully strict with me, Father! I have never had such a strict father confessor!

SCHIGORSKI [*has sat down beside her*]. Strict, my child? Because I have the responsibility for the salvation of your soul . . . on the day of judgment! Because, some time, when the Most High Judge asks me, I don't want to stand there with empty hands. That is why I made the application myself at St. Vincent's in Breslau. Any day you can take the veil, if you will make up your mind to it. Here is the letter, my child. What a dispensation of Providence, that on this very day we should get the consent of the Mother Superior! [*Has been searching in his breast pocket for the letter; gives it to ANNCHEN.*]

'ANNCHEN [*remorsefully*]. Oh, merciful Heaven! But I cannot do it yet! [*Sobs to herself and holds the letter in her hand without reading it.*]

SCHIGORSKI [*kindly laying his hand on her head*]. We won't urge you, my child, if your own will does not impell you to it. The sacrifice must be offered of your own free choice, in order that we may partake of its fruits. But repent, my child, seek to awaken the resolve within you, call the Holy Mother of God to your aid. Believe me, the strength will come.

Then when you as his pure bride stand before your Saviour, your own sin will be taken from you and your poor mother will enter into eternal peace.

ANNCHEN [*deeply moved, folding her hands*]. Darling mother, darling mother!

SCHIGORSKI. And you yourself, my child! If you could estimate what happiness this letter contains for you! No more temptation! No hateful thoughts! Peace now on earth, which we others have to struggle so bitterly to obtain! Will you not read the letter of the Mother Superior, my dear child?

ANNCHEN [*jumps up, busies herself at the breakfast table*]. No, really, not now, Father! I really cannot now! You see, I have still so much—— [*The clock strikes.*] Goodness me! Nine o'clock already! And what if Hans should come to-day! I haven't a thing ready! Not even any cakes! Nothing at all! But now to work at once! [*Clears off the breakfast table.*]

SCHIGORSKI [*with a gesture of despair*]. Oh, Panna Annuschka! Oh, Panna Annuschka!

MARUSCHKA [*puts her head in at the kitchen door, motions in a mysterious and important manner*]. Pannie! Pannie!

ANNCHEN [goes to the door, listens to MARUSCHKA, who whispers something into her ear, then in a low tone]. A young gentleman? For us? In a car? [Suddenly in great excitement.]. It is Hans! It is Hans! And I in my morning frock! Quick, quick, Maruschka, bring him in! Don't keep him standing out there so long, you stupid girl! But wait a minute! I'll bring him in! I wonder if I—— [Running to the mirror.] Oh, never mind! He won't notice! [Stops for a moment before FATHER VON SCHIGORSKI.] Do I look all right, Father Gregor? Oh, but my hair! [Swiftly arranges her hair.]

SCHIGORSKI [gloomily]. Go, Pannie! Go, Pannie!

ANNCHEN [with enthusiasm]. Hans! [Exits with MARUSCHKA, who in the meantime has quickly taken up the coffee service.]

[SCHIGORSKI rises, paces up and down, with his hands behind his back. After a moment.]

AMANDUS [in the door, approaches with all sorts of important, questioning gestures, points with curiosity out of doors]. Fine horses out there! Stranger?

[SCHIGORSKI walks up and down, without answering. AMANDUS stands in the middle of the room and listens. Short pause. Voices outside.]

HANS [*in the door, with ANNCHEN*]. Well, now, that carriage, it certainly did come in the nick of time!

ANNCHEN [*in blushing confusion*]. This way, please—into our living-room. You know, of course, how it is—everything very simple. Uncle—  
[*Hesitates and looks at HANS in embarrassment*.]

[HANS has espied FATHER VON SCHIGORSKI and bows in a rather embarrassed manner.]

SCHIGORSKI [*at the window, with a formal bow*]. Good morning!

ANNCHEN [*has approached, still somewhat embarrassed*]. This is—Mist—Cousin Hans . . . and this is Father von Schigorski. [*Roguishly*.] I always call him Father Gregor.

[Both have bowed again.]

HANS [*standing by the table and looking about*]. So this is the place! This is the place! Just as I always imagined it. So homelike and—  
[*Looks at ANNCHEN*.] Yes, really! Just exactly!

ANNCHEN [*still confused, trying to choke back the Mr.*]. Oh, you know, that is uncle's way—everything must remain unchanged. Just as it used to be. But let's sit down. You—Mr— You must be very tired! [*Gives him a long look*.]

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HANS [*has recovered his self-possession*]. Oh, that little bit of a walk! And then with such a view! But if you say Mr. once more, Cousin Annchen, I won't sit down at all, I'll start right on again. *Mr.* Why, that's nonsense!

ANNCHEN [*blushes, turns aside, perceives AMANDUS, who upon their entrance has concealed himself behind the linen press*]. You rude boy! To stand behind the linen press instead of saying good morning! [*Taking a step forward.*] Well, aren't you going to come forward, brother dear?

HANS [*in surprise*]. So that is Amandus? Well, well!

AMANDUS [*with a grimace*]. No! . . . No!

ANNCHEN [*slightly vexed*]. Shall I have to fetch you out? Fie, Amandus! Just wait, I'll tell uncle. [*Calling*]: Uncle dear!

SCHIGORSKI [*still at the window*]. Just let him stay in his corner, Panna Annuschka! When he gets used to the young gentleman he will make himself evident, all right.

ANNCHEN [*between vexation and amusement*]. Then stand there till you turn black! [*Turns to HANS.*] Oh, let's not pay any attention to the silly boy at all!

HANS [*going up to AMANDUS*]. But I really must

say good morning to him. He needn't be so afraid of me. [Holds out his hand.] Good morning, Amandus!

AMANDUS [with a grimace]. 'Morning!

HANS [standing before him, smiling]. Well, how are you? All right?

[AMANDUS stares at him, suddenly squeezes through between HANS and the linen press, and rushes out of the door.]

HANS [comes back, shrugging his shoulders]. It's no use! Well, we'll see! Is he always like this, Annchen? [Stands before ANNCHEN.]

ANNCHEN [ vexed ]. Certainly! Oh. . . . Now just you wait, you naughty boy!

SCHIGORSKI [interposing]. Oh, if you please, Pannie! Not always, let us say. Only when he wishes to express some quite special antipathy.

ANNCHEN [has been gazing at HANS without listening to SCHIGORSKI. Suddenly enthusiastically]. But uncle! . . . Uncle! . . . This will be a surprise. [Exits quickly.]

HANS [to SCHIGORSKI]. Is that so? That is certainly a nice state of affairs. Then I should really about face at once and go back to where I came from, if Amandus had his way?

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SCHIGORSKI [*shrugging his shoulders*]. Who will try to fathom the secrets of such a poor human soul!

HANS [*pacing back and forth, occupied with his thoughts*]. So this is Rosenau! . . . Rosenau! . . . I did find it after all!

SCHIGORSKI. Did you have any difficulty finding the way here?

HANS [*standing still*]. Oh, it was quite a puzzling affair! Just like finding the way to some enchanted land!

HOPPE [*appears in the door with ANNCHEN; on account of his short-sightedness does not recognize HANS at first*]. Then it isn't Hans?

ANNCHEN [*gravely*]. No, really, uncle dear, quite a strange gentleman. I don't know him either.

[HANS takes a step forward without saying anything.]

HOPPE [*has likewise approached, with a slight bow*]. My name is Hoppe. What can I do for you? [It begins to dawn upon him.] Hans——

HANS [*going toward him, joyfully*]. Uncle Hoppe!

HOPPE [*giving him a Polish embrace*]. Then it is, Hans Hartwig, after all! [Gazes at him.] Yes, yes, that is his face. . . .

ANNCHEN [*claps her hands*]. Sold! Uncle dear! Sold!

HOPPE. Who wouldn't be, when you come with such a serious face! Deceiving old people! Hans, beware of that young lady!

ANNCHEN. Uncle dear, you took Hans for a salesman for a wine house, didn't you?

HOPPE [*laughing*]. You women folks are rogues. You play tricks on us all.

HANS [*humorously*]. Well, you will have your troubles with me!

ANNCHEN [*eagerly*]. But, uncle dear, hasn't Mr. Hans got the sweetest mustache? [*Looks at Hans, full of pride.*]

HANS [*rather confused*]. And now comes the general inspection. It is really enough to make one blush!

ANNCHEN. But it's really so! [*Again absorbed in contemplation.*] And altogether so young and so—

HOPPE [*rousing from his meditations*]. Children, I really believe you are saying Mr. and Miss to each other! Have you kissed each other yet?

HANS. I haven't had a kiss yet. [*A little excited.*] Well, Annchen, are you going to give me one?

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[ANNCHEN turns her face up to his with a long, speechless look. HANS kisses her and holds her in a light embrace.]

HOPPE [*goes to the table*]. There, children! You know you are cousins, even though once removed. Your dear mother, Hans, is my own cousin. Of course also Anna's mother's our Etta's cousin.

SCHIGORSKI [*has gone slowly from the window to the door*]. I beg you to excuse me. . . .

ANNCHEN [*calling after him*]. Won't you stay to lunch, Father? I'm going to get something right away.

SCHIGORSKI. I am very sorry, Pannie. My time does not permit.

ANNCHEN [*has turned around again*]. Oh, now Father von Schigorski is going! You might let the lessons go for once! Especially to-day!

SCHIGORSKI [*already at the door*]. The time is limited. The admission of the children to the Holy Communion is near at hand. [*Raising his voice*.] Duty calls, Pannie!

ANNCHEN [*abruptly*]. All right, if you don't want to. [*Changing her tone*.] But Hans wants something to eat. Hans can refuse me nothing. He has much too kind a heart to do that. Uncle dear, how

tall Hans has grown! And when I remember, he used to be so small.

HANS [*sitting at the table absorbed in contemplation of ANNA, who is standing before him*]. Yes, yes, Annchen!

ANNCHEN. We actually have to look up to the young student!

HANS [*arousing*]. You don't know that, Anna.

ANNCHEN. But I saw it a while ago!

HANS [*rising*]. Well, let's try! [*They come close together, taking hold of each other's hands. Their eyes are fixed on each other's. Momentary uneasy silence.*]

ANNCHEN [*with suppressed excitement*]. Now you see how much taller you are!

HANS [*with suppressed force*]. That is the way it ought to be!

HOPPE [*who all this time has been sitting thoughtfully at the table, rises*]. There, Hans, now come and sit down with us and tell us all about yourself. But first, congratulations on your examination, Sir Student! Or really you should be called Sir Student-to-be! May you continue thus, and be a joy to your dear parents! Your dear mother! [*Offers him his hand.*]

HANS [*shaking HOPPE's hand*]. Thank you, Uncle Hoppe! You, too, Annchen! [*Presses ANNCHEN's hand*.]

ANNCHEN [*reflectively*]. So that's the way a young student looks!

HOPPE [*cheerily*]. And now, Anna, instead of looking so long into Hans' eyes, suppose you get us something good to drink, and to eat, too, or else we'll have Hans starving here. And then we won't let your dear cousin go away so soon. What do you say to that, Anna?

ANNCHEN [*joyfully*]. Oh, yes, uncle dear! Oh, yes! Four weeks, at least!

HANS [*somewhat troubled*]. Four—weeks! Who knows how long I shall have been in Heidelberg by that time. But what I was going to say—— Oh, they sent you their love at home!

HOPPE. Heavens! How many years ago it is that I last saw your dear parents! Your mother, the good child! So life separates us.

ANNCHEN [*jumping up*]. Oh, uncle dear, it just occurs to me, the carriage is waiting for you out there! [*Stands near the table*.]

HOPPE [*astonished*]. For me? What carriage?

ANNCHEN [*eagerly*]. Well, just think, uncle dear,

what adventures Hans had on the way! You know, he came on foot, half the night—

HOPPE. But, children, what is this about a carriage?

ANNCHEN [*naively*]. Oh, uncle dear, you are to go to a sick man, you know!

HOPPE [*jumping up*]. To a sick man? A carriage? My dear children, and you just tell me about it now?

HANS. Well, I met the carriage half an hour away from the village. It was coming here, Uncle Hoppe. It was to take you to a sick man. So I rode along, too.

HOPPE [*has thrown off his coat and taken his vestments from the closet*]. And you tell me about it now? The poor man may have died in the meantime.

ANNCHEN [*helps him get ready*]. Oh, uncle dear, he surely won't!

HOPPE [*busily occupied*]. To a sick man! Well, you are bright people! I shouldn't care to trust my spiritual welfare to you! It is a good thing that you are not going to be a theologian, Hans.

HANS. Yes, God knows, Uncle Hoppe. But I had totally forgotten that.

HOPPE [*about to leave*]. Well, now, first of all, Anna, get your cousin something to eat! And a

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good glass of wine! That will keep body and soul together. And especially after such a night's march! Don't let your cousin want for anything, Anna, or he'll spread the news around that we would not give him anything. [Searches for something on the desk.]

HANS [*has risen*]. Oh, Uncle Hoppe!

ANNCHEN [*with a tender look at Hans*]. Oh, uncle dear, Hans knows that I am just so terribly glad he is here that I don't want to go out at all to get anything!

HANS [*standing before her, pressing her hand gently, in a low voice*]. Heaven knows, I really am not very hungry.

HOPPE [*ready to go, absent-mindedly*]. Yes, she's a good child, is Anna! . . . To be sure she still has much to learn. [Gives HANS *his hand*.] Well, Hans, if you get bored, there are books. And I'll be back at dinner time. Good-bye, Anna. [Is about to depart.]

ANNCHEN. Good-bye, uncle dear! Uncle dear!

HOPPE [*already at the door*]. What else?

ANNCHEN [*close beside him*]. Uncle dear, this afternoon need we have any lesson? . . . Not any at all as long as Hans is here, need we?

HOPPE [*hastily*]. No, no! That you may have your Hans to your heart's content! . . . And take Hungarian wine for lunch. That is the most suitable. [Exit.

ANNCHEN [*coming back from the door*]. There, now, quickly! That you, poor man, may at least get something warm into your stomach! Fry something quickly!

HANS [*before her, speaking as if he had a lump in his throat*]. Oh, never mind, Annchen! [Involuntarily seizes ANNCHEN's hand, which she unresistingly allows him to take. Silent pressure of their hands, each looking into the other's eyes, in scarcely controlled excitement.]

ANNCHEN [*repressed*]. Don't be angry with me, Hanschen!

HANS [*dejected*]. But why, Annchen?

ANNCHEN. Because I let you sit here so long without anything. But I'd like best of all just to stand here all the time and look at you.

HANS [*pressing her hand convulsively*]. And I you!

ANNCHEN [*softly*]. Oh, me! [Stands for a moment longer, then tries to free herself.]

HANS [*detaining her*]. Oh, do stay, Annchen!

ANNCHEN. No, let me go, Hanschen. I'll come

right back! I must just see what Maruschka's doing! [Pulls herself away and goes. Short pause.]

[HANS stands for a moment as if stunned, stretches convulsively, paces thoughtfully up and down, softly humming, so that one notices now and then his exultant excitement; occasionally stands still, finally opens the window, puts his head out as if to cool himself off. Pause.]

ANNCHEN [comes with wine bottles and glasses, sets them on the table]. There, now we'll sit down, and drink a glass of wine and have a nice talk, Hanschen. I suppose you've turned the heads of ever so many poor girls, haven't you, Hanschen? Now you must tell me all about it, Hanschen. I'll just get the other things first. Just think, Maruschka has prepared everything herself. That is very unusual for her. You have got her quite in love with you. Oh, we poor girls! [Standing before him.] Now quickly, Hanschen, how many girls have you kissed?

HANS [seriously]. None, Anna, except my sister. You are the first.

ANNCHEN. Oh, dear me! Everything will get cold out there. [Goes off hastily, returns after a moment with plates and dishes, which she places on the

*table.]* Now we'll eat and drink and be merry. No one knows how long it will last. Sit down here, Hanschen. *[Points to the sofa.]*

HANS *[goes to the sofa].* And you, Annchen?

ANNCHEN *[unembarrassedly].* I'll sit beside you, Hanschen. *[They sit down side by side on the sofa, Annchen at the right, Hans at the left.]*

HANS. Yes, who knows how long it will last. Day after to-morrow at this time I'll be on my way again. I'll be riding away—out into the world!

ANNCHEN *[has poured out the wine, dismayed].* Day after to-morrow? So soon? But this hasn't been worth your while at all!

HANS. Well, I can't help it! I must go to the university, you know. *[Enthusiastically.]* Oh, Annchen, I am so happy!

ANNCHEN *[sadly].* And I thought you would stay at least four weeks. And I was so happy! And now after all these years you come and want to go away again right off. Why, you really needn't have come at all!

HANS. Oh, Annchen, don't spoil my good time! Let's not think about it at all! Let's drink! Prosit! *[They touch glasses.]* To the future and life! *[They both drink.]*

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ANNCHEN. But do eat something, Hanschen.  
Shall I give you something?

HANS. Annchen, I cannot! I really cannot!  
But you eat!

ANNCHEN. No, I don't want to either! Now  
that nice lunch will all be left!

HANS. Oh, never mind! We'll eat after a while!  
But let's drink! To the past! To our childhood!  
It is good that it is over! [Drinks.]

ANNCHEN [*likewise drinking*]. I have always  
thought that you would come some time. You  
promised me, you know, when I was at your house in  
Lichtenau. But the one that never came, all these  
many years, was my Hanschen.

HANS. Well, you see, I wanted to be a student  
first! Not just a silly boy!

ANNCHEN. Finally I thought, Hanschen is too  
proud, Hanschen doesn't want to have anything to  
do with us.

HANS. Yes, I always intended to, and intended  
to—and finally I didn't know—

ANNCHEN [*eagerly*]. And you see, that's the reason  
that I liked you so much to-day from the very first  
moment, because I saw that you are not in the least  
proud.

HANS. Proud, Annchen? But why should I be proud? How can you say such a thing?

ANNCHEN. Oh, because your parents are so rich, and we are only such poor relatives—that is, not uncle, but I! And then—

HANS [*straightening himself out*]. But, Anna, that is all the same to me! I don't care about such things! . . . No, then you don't know me. . . . Do you know, those are all silly prejudices, anyway! [*Raises his glass.*] Prosit, Annchen! Long live Freedom! [*Drinks and springs up.*] Freedom! Freedom! Oh, it will be splendid! [*Sits down again and moves close to ANNCHEN.*]

ANNCHEN. And you don't think any the worse of me on that account?

HANS [*reproachfully*]. But, Anna! On what account, pray tell?

ANNCHEN [*embarrassed*]. Oh, you know that about darling mother and me.

HANS [*surprised*]. No! What, pray tell? About your mother and you?

ANNCHEN [*hesitating*]. That I haven't any father.

HANS. Oh, yes, that? But how can you help that, Annchen?

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ANNCHEN [*softly*]. No, can I, Hanschen? That's what I thought, too.

HANS [*amazed*]. How can you help that? Surely no one would blame you for it! Why, that is quite—

ANNCHEN. Ah, you don't know! One is always having that thrown up to one. But I am glad that you are not that way!

HANS [*indignant*]. Why, that is pure idiocy. Pure idiocy! By whom, pray tell? Surely not by uncle? Well, anyway, as far as that is concerned— That is all so natural, so natural! Why, that's the story of the casting of the stone! You see, Annchen, that's why I long so to get away! Everything must be quite different there! Everything much freer! Why, I just can't listen to that any more! The narrow-mindedness of people everywhere here! Just to get away! That's why I want to go to South Germany! There I imagine things are different. And then, anyway, as a student! [HANS, *talking himself into a state of excitement, drains his glass at one draught*.]

ANNCHEN [*delighted*]. I'd just like to sit here forever and look at you, Hanschen, when you talk so and your eyes shine so!

HANS [*enthusiastically*]. Oh, I tell you, Annchen, I am in a glorious mood! To be free at last! After one has longed for it for years. Even while I was coming here—

ANNCHEN. Yes, and now you want to go away again so soon! Now I want you to stay here all the more!

HANS. But I can't now, Annchen!

ANNCHEN [*energetically*]. But you *must!* Or I won't like you at all. But really, I sit here and look at you like a lovesick goose. [Starts to go away from the sofa.]

HANS [*passionately*]. Ah, Anna! [Tries to hold her fast.]

ANNCHEN [*mockingly*]. Little Hanschen is trying to hold me fast! [Tries to tear herself away.]

HANS [*in rising excitement*]. Little? Well, we'll see! You can't get away! [Takes firm hold of her arm.]

ANNCHEN [*glowing*]. Little Hans! [Tries to pull away.]

HANS. Bigger than you! Get away? . . . Not you! [Holds her two outstretched arms fast with his two hands. They stand for a moment with their faces close together. Suddenly HANS, with a

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*swift motion, bends ANNCHEN's stiffly outstretched arm so that she sinks powerless to the sofa.]*

ANNCHEN [weakly]. Oh, Hanschen!

HANS [bending over her]. Now you are conquered!

ANNCHEN. Oh, you are so strong, Hanschen! I hadn't the least idea!

[HANS looks at her for a moment. Suddenly he flings himself over her and kisses her madly. ANNCHEN throws her arms around him and returns his kisses. Short pause. HANS straightens himself up, likewise ANNCHEN. They gaze at each other in silent ecstasy.]

HANS [softly]. Do you really care for me, Annchen?

ANNCHEN [also softly]. Hanschen, so much! So much! [They hold each other in close embrace. The door opens slowly.]

[AMANDUS puts his head in through the crack.]

ANNCHEN [gently pulls herself away from HANS, rises, goes toward AMANDUS, without embarrassment]. What do you want, Amandus?

AMANDUS [with corresponding grimace]. I hungry! Eat!

ANNCHEN. Go to Maruschka, Amandus, won't you? She will give you something.

[AMANDUS hesitates for an instant, then goes.]

HANS [*has likewise arisen*]. Do you suppose Amandus saw us, Annchen?

ANNCHEN. Oh, Hanschen, what does Amandus understand about it? [*With a tender look at HANS, who stands before her.*] How splendid you look, Hanschen.

HANS [*with an outburst of joy*]. Oh, I tell you, Annchen, I am so happy! So happy! [*Walking up and down with vehement gestures.*] Why, I knew it! I could hardly wait till I got here! That's why I walked all night long. I had such a longing, you see! Why I never—— Oh, you haven't the *least* idea! [*Embraces her again.*]

ANNCHEN [*glancing suddenly at the half-opened window, in dismay*]. Oh, mercy! Father von Schigorski! What if he saw! He was just looking in. And how I look! [*Has freed herself from HANS, swiftly arranging her hair.*]

HANS [*excited*]. Oh, let him look if he wants to! We don't care!

ANNCHEN [*before the mirror, anxiously*]. But Father von Schigorski, of all people! If only he didn't notice anything! How disorderly I do look!

SCHIGORSKI [*enters slowly from the right, takes in with a searching glance the room, the two young people,*

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*and the entire ominous situation]. I beg your pardon for disturbing you—*

ANNCHEN [*goes toward him, trying to hide her confusion*]. Oh, Father von Schigorski! Then the lesson is over. It is nice that you are earlier to-day.

SCHIGORSKI [*has gone to the desk, searching for something*]. The lesson is still going on, Panna Annuschka. I just came for a book. I must have forgotten it.

ANNCHEN. But you will stop for a moment and have something to eat, won't you, Father? We have already— [*Stops, as she sees the untasted food.*]

HANS [*standing at the table, tries to come to her aid*]. Well, we weren't very far along with it.

SCHIGORSKI [*slowly coming away from the desk*]. The children are waiting, Pannie! I must hasten. His Reverence went away in a carriage, didn't he, Pannie? I saw him.

HANS. Yes, uncle went to a sick man.

SCHIGORSKI [*casually, with a side glance at the dishes*]. You haven't done them much honor.

HANS [*audaciously*]. Oh, the deuce! When one has such a nice little cousin to talk to, whom one hasn't seen for years, one ends by forgetting one's

hunger. You must have had that experience, too, Father von Schigorski!

SCHIGORSKI [*shaking his finger at ANNCHEN gravely and warningly*]. Pannie! Pannie! [Exit slowly.

[ANNCHEN stands there abashed.]

HANS [close beside her]. Annchen!

[ANNCHEN is silent.]

HANS [*tenderly*]. Don't you love me at all, Annchen?

ANNCHEN [*suddenly*]. Oh, let them all know!  
[Throws her arms around HANS and clasps him close.]  
Have you really never kissed a girl, Hans?

HANS [*exultantly*]. Never! Never!

ANNCHEN [*caresses him*]. My dear Hans!

*Curtain*

## **ACT II**



## ACT II

*On the afternoon of the following day. Living-room with drawing-room behind it as before.*

**ANNCHEN** and **AMANDUS** at the table by the sofa. One feels the dreamy influence of the spring afternoon. The light of a cloudy and oppressive spring day comes in through the window.

**ANNCHEN** [on the chair opposite the sofa]. And I tell you, if you are once more so rude to Hanschen, so mean—— What has poor Hanschen ever done to you, I'd like to know!

[**AMANDUS**, on the chair at her right, gives himself a shake and spits.].

**ANNCHEN**. Hans is a student already and what are you? You great big boy! As stupid as a block of wood. And hardly two years younger than Hanschen!

**AMANDUS** [expresses by pantomime how little impressed he is by HANS' intelligence, then complacently pointing to himself]. I stronger!

ANNCHEN [*nettled*]. You stronger? Yes, when you trip him up from behind, as you did this morning, so that he falls. . . . Do that just once more. Then you'll know what you'll get!

AMANDUS [*with a pleased grimace*]. Over they go! All nine! Annuschka. . . . [*Expresses through pantomime ANNCHEN's distress and infatuation, wringing his hands.*] My Hanschen! My Hanschen!

ANNCHEN. Yes, indeed, my Hanschen! What do you understand of it? I suppose *you'd* like to be called that, too! You are envious, aren't you, my boy?

AMANDUS [*springing up in sudden rage, standing close to her, with distorted face and eyes turned toward the sofa*]. I know. . . . I tell uncle! Get stick! [*Pantomime of whipping.*] Thrash! Thrash! Black and blue!

ANNCHEN. Yes, but the one who'll catch it first is yourself, Amandus, my boy. Do you think that uncle does not know that I have kissed Hanschen? Don't make a laughing stock of yourself! Uncle is perfectly welcome to know that. But do you know what I shall tell uncle?

AMANDUS [*has sat down in his chair again, with a cunning look*]. Don't know!

ANNCHEN. Don't know? Just let me help you

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think, Amandus, boy! I'll tell uncle that you are always at Maruschka's heels! That you never leave Maruschka alone. The poor girl is actually at her wits' ends on account of you, you stupid boy! Now you know, Amandus, boy, what I shall tell uncle if you are not very nice to Hanschen? Then be nice and *cycho!* Still as a mouse! [With a *gesture.*] Or else——

AMANDUS [*maliciously*]. Good for nothing! Silly!

[SCHIGORSKI *entering from the right, in a black coat, still more serious than usual, comes slowly to the table.*]

ANNCHEN [*claps her hands merrily*]. Father von Schigorski! Father von Schigorski! And he looks so cross to-day, Father Gregor does!

SCHIGORSKI [*sits down at the table, opposite ANNCHEN*]. And our Pannie is as happy as a lark! In rain or shine! I believe she will laugh on the Day of Judgment, Pannie will!

ANNCHEN [*unembarrassed*]. Oh, but we must laugh, you know, Father Gregor! What good does it do if each one is sadder than the other? Uncle doesn't like it at all if I sit around like a saint. He wants me to be always laughing and singing. And you know Hanschen is here on a visit!

SCHIGORSKI. And so Pannie is quite out of all bounds. She is quite beyond control.

AMANDUS [*suddenly lets both fists down on the table with a crash*]. Silly thing!

ANNCHEN [*affrighted*]. Mother of God! How that frightened me! You ought to have your ears pulled, Amandus, boy! To behave so! He seems to be out of his head since Hanschen is here!

[AMANDUS *grins, gnashing his teeth.*]

SCHIGORSKI. The young gentleman up to this time has brought nothing but trouble to this house! How changed we find everything in these two days!

ANNCHEN [*eagerly*]. But for the better, Father von Schigorski! What of Amandus! But uncle! Just look at uncle! He is so delighted! And I! Oh, we are all so happy, you know! You mustn't go around any more with such a gloomy face, Father Gregor. Please don't! You must be happy with us! The world is really so beautiful!

SCHIGORSKI [*evasively*]. Has our young student friend talked to Pannie about his religious belief? I fear—— I fear——

ANNCHEN [*enthusiastically*]. Oh, about everything, Father, about everything!

SCHIGORSKI. As sure as I hope for eternal life, the

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young man is one of those lukewarm Catholics, so many of whom are running around nowadays at our universities.

ANNCHEN [*in a rather low tone*]. Hanschen is not bad! Only— And that will all come in time! You know he is still so very young. When he once settles down like you, Father.

SCHIGORSKI [*resting his head on his hands*]. You can't expect old heads on young shoulders, says the proverb, I know. And everything in its time. But well for him, Panna Annuschka, who has overcome! To have pleasure is a good thing, but to renounce it is better. [*With a sorrowful smile.*] *O vanitas, vanitatum vanitas!* Which means, Pannie, O vanity! Oh, empty, earthly vanity!

ANNCHEN. Oh, even if everything is transitory, let's be merry to-day. [*Jumps up.*] To-day let's be happy and dance! To-morrow we shall mourn in sackcloth and ashes, anyway. [*Goes up and down the room, humming a song.*]

SCHIGORSKI [*preoccupied*]. Why to-morrow, Pannie? Why not to-day? Why not at this very hour?

ANNCHEN [*absorbed in thought*]. Because to-morrow Hanschen is going away! Out into the world! Then everything will be as usual again!

Then you can give me a good scolding again, Father von Schigorski! But not to-day, will you, Father Gregor? [Suddenly.] And to-morrow we won't let him go, either! Nor day after to-morrow, either! Not for a long time!

SCHIGORSKI [*has taken his letter from his pocket and holds it out toward ANNCHEN*]. Oh, how very far, Pannie, are you from the place that I have chosen for you!

ANNCHEN [*sadly*]. Ah, who knows, Father? Who can know what may happen soon? [Goes to the door.]

SCHIGORSKI [*looking up*]. Where are you going, Pannie?

ANNCHEN. To look for Hanschen, so that he will come and talk to us. We shan't have him very much longer.

SCHIGORSKI [*rises quickly and goes to her. Both stand at the door. He controls himself with difficulty*]. Panna Annuschka!

ANNCHEN [*with bowed head*]. Yes, your Reverence!

SCHIGORSKI [*takes her hand*]. Can't you have confidence in me, Pannie?

ANNCHEN [*hesitating*]. But you are—my Father Confessor, your Reverence.

SCHIGORSKI [*repressed*]. I don't mean as Father Confessor! Nor as his Reverence! Why do you speak so to me? Haven't you learned to care for me at all as a friend?

[ANNCHEN *hesitates*.]

SCHIGORSKI. Haven't you?

ANNCHEN [*softly*]. Oh, what a question, Father! Of course I have!

SCHIGORSKI [*with an outburst of feeling, standing before her*]. Then I warn you of the young gentleman, Panna Annuschka! Listen before it is too late! There is recklessness in your family. Think of your mother, Pannie!

ANNCHEN [*pulls herself away from him*]. Oh, I don't need to be ashamed on account of darling mother!

AMANDUS [*has been looking out of the window, has risen suddenly, as if aiming a gun, while his eyes sparkle*]. Bing! Bang! Dead!

ANNCHEN [*turns around startled*]. What is the matter? [Goes to the window.]

SCHIGORSKI [*has gone toward the table again*]. The young gentleman is out in the garden with his Reverence's gun! I suppose Amandus is imitating him.

ANNCHEN [*at the window*]. Oh, Amandus shooting! Why, Amandus is not allowed to shoot! Uncle won't let him! [Exit quickly.]

AMANDUS [*has turned to the room again, with wild expression*]. Shoot well! Hit! Dead!

[SCHIGORSKI *paces up and down without noticing AMANDUS*.]

AMANDUS [*suddenly seizes him by the arm, in sullen passion*]. Dead! Dead as a door nail!

SCHIGORSKI [*gives a start, stands still*]. What has come over you, my friend? Who is dead? What do you mean?

AMANDUS [*gnashing his teeth for rage, very rapidly and fluently*]. Dog, stranger! Sat here! Always did like this! [Repeated gestures of smacking his lips.] I came! I saw Annuschka close by him, very close! I wanted to eat. [With pantomime.] So hungry! There stood roast! Oh, I said to Annuschka! Gave me nothing! Sent me to Maruschka. Kept sitting there! My Hanschen! Fine roast and wine and everything only for stranger! Amandus, hungry! [Making angry motions with his hands and feet.] Will bite, scratch, beat, choke! [Pantomime, falls exhausted into a chair.]

SCHIGORSKI [*horrified*]. Merciful God! have pity,

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that he may come to his senses again! Oh, this visit! this visit! [Paces impetuously up and down, grows gradually calmer, folds his hands convulsively.]

O Lord! Thy will be done!

[Short pause. The door opens.]

ANNCHEN [precedes, tries to pull HANS in after her]. But do come, Hanschen, won't you?

HANS [in his left hand a gun, tries to pull his right hand away from ANNCHEN]. But do let me stay where I am, Anna!

ANNCHEN [pulling him quite in]. Oh, you really must have your coffee, too, Hans. We are going to have coffee right away.

HANS [ill-temperedly]. I really am not in the least hungry! My appetite is gone completely. [Lays the gun on the writing-desk, stands irresolutely in the room.]

ANNCHEN [standing before him, with a tender glance]. It will come back again, Hanschen, when you taste my lovely cakes that I baked for you.

HANS. Why didn't you come walking with me. I begged and begged you to. But oh, no!

ANNCHEN. But then I couldn't have baked the cakes. They were to be a surprise. Just wait, and see how good they are! [Goes off quickly.

HANS [*comes to the table*]. Where is Uncle Hoppe, anyway? [*Sits down.*]

SCHIGORSKI [*at the window*]. Father Hoppe is probably asleep. He never takes coffee in the afternoon.

[AMANDUS *at the writing-desk, busies himself with the gun.*]

HANS. Well, Amandus, do you want to try it, out of doors? But be careful and don't shoot any one. There is buckshot in it.

[AMANDUS *exit with the gun.*]

SCHIGORSKI. Have you been shooting, Mr. Hans?

HANS. Yes, at the target a little. Oh, it's so wonderful out of doors to-day. Such a peculiarly oppressive air. So springlike! Anyway this whole region! So entirely different from at home. In fact, something so Polish in its character!

SCHIGORSKI. As is quite right, Mr. Hans! History will tell you that we are on Polish ground here!

ANNCHEN [*comes with a great plate of cakes*]. There! This is for the obstinate young gentleman!

HANS. Yes, they really do look splendid! May I, Annchen? [*Takes a cake.*]

ANNCHEN [*has put the plate on the table*]. Why, they were baked for you, Hans! Now you can see

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that I'm not as bad as you think! [Stands at the table.]

HANS. Oh, I don't think that you're bad, Annchen! But it would have been so nice to go walking together.

SCHIGORSKI [*likewise at the table*]. Oh, poor Panne! She toils and moils! But it is of no use! It is not appreciated by the young gentleman.

HANS. Now you see, to-morrow I am going away, and we haven't even taken a little bit of a walk together.

ANNCHEN [*gently*]. Oh, but you are not going to-morrow, Hanschen. You are going to stay here a long time. Then we can walk together often.

HANS [*depressed*]. You shall see, Annchen, that I do go to-morrow. [*Springs up, passionately.*] Oh, I really must! I really must!

ANNCHEN [*absent-mindedly*]. Why must you? Why can't you stay here?

SCHIGORSKI. Oh, but, Annchen! Think of the young gentleman's studies! The lectures will have begun! Time presses, I can well imagine.

ANNCHEN [*softly*]. Oh, Hanschen, we shall see.

[*Exits to kitchen.*

SCHIGORSKI. Yes, you have so much before you,

Mr. Hans. So many experiences. Life still lies before you.

HANS [*pacing to and fro, animatedly*]. Yes, it all lies before me! It is coming now! The most beautiful time! The student years! Ah, Heidelberg! Heidelberg! I wonder how it will look!

SCHIGORSKI. It will be, Mr. Hans, like everything else on this earth. When you know it, it turns out to be nothing. Only Hope makes anything out of it.

HANS [*sits down again*]. Well, I don't know; then everything is after all—— Why does one live then, anyway!

ANNCHEN [*comes back with the coffee service*]. Hanschen, did you give Amandus the gun? [*Arranges the coffee table.*]

HANS. Yes, Annchen. Why?

ANNCHEN. Because Amandus ought not to have the gun. Uncle does not wish it.

HANS. Oh, what harm will it do, Annchen? Do let Amandus have a little pleasure, too, once in a while!

SCHIGORSKI. Pannie is really right! We ought not to have given it to him.

HANS. I can go and get it again, Annchen, if you wish.

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ANNCHEN. No, never mind, Hanschen! Not now! Or he will be more—— The boy gets more and more uncontrollable. There, now, let's have our coffee and cakes. [*Has sat down on the sofa. During the following they take their coffee.*]

HANS [*eating cakes*]. They taste splendid, Annchen!

ANNCHEN. Eat, Hanschen, and enjoy them. There are more outside.

SCHIGORSKI [*sipping his coffee*]. Oh, these pampered young people. They see life only from the brightest side. Don't know at all what it really means. . . . Life!

HANS. Oh, I am not a bit pampered! I believe I have also had my share of experience.

SCHIGORSKI. What young people call having experience, in the schoolroom, especially when the parents look after everything, and the young gentleman has nothing more to do than get his lessons.

HANS [*sharply*]. Well, that depends on the person. According to what he is. I think the main thing is what the inner experiences have been, Father von Schigorski! And that really does not depend on the schoolroom.

SCHIGORSKI. Oh, certainly. There are such na-

tures. We can call them especially endowed . . . who have even in their youth won a certain assurance. I do not deny it. But where are they? They have to pass through a hard school. And then we recognize them at the first glance.

HANS. Well, you must know, Father von Schigorski. I am not able to judge.

ANNCHEN. But you have had so many experiences, Hanschen, you know those you told me about.

SCHIGORSKI. Oh, one isn't backward when young ladies are around. Their soft hearts melt like butter in the sun. But most of it, to be sure, exists only in the fancy of the young gentlemen.

HANS [excited]. You see, Father von Schigorski, I ought to know better what I have experienced than you. To be sure, I have up to this time only been in the schoolroom, unfortunately. I wish I had left it long ago! I might have seen something of the world! That is just it! You sit and sit and have the passionate desire to. . . . And if you tell that to any one he laughs at you. . . . Just because you are different! And you go around all by yourself and carry that around with you. Pressure from outside and within. [Clenches his fist.] But that makes a

person! That's what makes a person! Either you go to the dogs, you loaf around, or you make something of yourself. And now, when I go out into the world, then I know I am no longer a foolish boy, even if I do perhaps look like one! I can hold my own with any one! I'll not put up with anything from any one! I have been cuffed about long enough! But now I am free! Now I don't care anything more about the world.

SCHIGORSKI. I pity the poor Catholic parents who have reaped such fruit from their training and who perhaps do not even know it.

HANS. Oh, don't talk, Father Schigorski! I think every person must be so who has any— You must have had that experience, too.

SCHIGORSKI [*bitterly*]. I, Mr. Student? I had quite different experiences. And I thank my Creator. I had no time for such presumptuous thoughts. My wings were clipped betimes. Even while I was at school I had to take care of myself. I gave lessons. I did their written work for them. I did what I could. Oh, I also as a young man longed for this thing and that thing. But I did not give way to my thoughts. Perhaps I should not have become a priest if I hadn't had to. But my poor parents, with

their aristocratic traditions, couldn't make a shoemaker of me. And to be a lawyer, the dollars were lacking. I had to overcome myself. I have fought—but I have conquered!

HANS [*in low tone*]. And have you really become quite contented, Father von Schigorski?

SCHIGORSKI. I am as happy as a man is destined to be on this earth. I thank my Creator on my knees that He has so ordained it for me. I have found a comfort in the infirmities of this world. . . .

HANS. And that is?

SCHIGORSKI [*sharply*]. That is faith, Mr. Hans! Hasn't your Bible teacher ever told you that?

HANS [*absorbed in thought, in a burst of passion*]. No, I cannot say good-bye to everything so! Everything, everything, everything! You see, Father von Schigorski, *you* are glad that it has turned out so, and *I* am glad that it has turned out otherwise with me. That *I don't* have to be a priest! That *I am free*, and that all is still before me.

SCHIGORSKI [*has emptied his cup*]. In the power of your passions, Mr. Hans, and free? It was this lack of self-restraint that caused the fall of Lucifer himself, the highest of the angels.

HANS [*good-naturedly*]. Oh, it won't be so bad, Father von Schigorski. [*Takes a cake.*] I am eating all your cakes up, Annchen. . . . You are so still, Annchen?

SCHIGORSKI [*with difficulty controlling himself*]. Not so bad? I say, worse than words can express. Before this young lady here I prophesy, as sure as there is a God and a retribution, this young gentleman will be shipwrecked and every one that is with him! May he come to a realization of the truth before it is too late.

HANS. And I prophesy that I shall pull through. I shall not be shipwrecked. I have so tremendously many hopes! I *cannot* go to the dogs, you see. In twenty years we can talk about it again, Father von Schigorski.

SCHIGORSKI. We'll live to see. Think of this day and my words. [*Rises and stands erect.*] But to you, Panna Annuschka, I say in the presence of this young gentleman, do not believe him! Do not let yourself be ensnared by his teachings! Remain true! Do not yield to temptation. Save your soul and your eternal salvation. [*Goes slowly to the writing-desk, takes up a book, goes to the door, turns around again.*] If you please, Panna Annuschka, if his

Reverence should ask, I am giving the Bible lesson in his stead to-day. [Exit.

[ANNCHEN is silent, with bowed head. Short pause.]

HANS [has likewise sat brooding, straightens himself out]. Now you see, Annchen, what I am! Now you have heard.

[ANNCHEN is silent.]

HANS [again occupied with himself, strikes the table with his fist]. And I will not go to the dogs! We shall see!

[Short pause. ANNCHEN remains silent.]

HANS [again occupied with himself, takes a turn around the room, pauses before ANNCHEN]. Now you can choose whether you want to have anything more to do with such a man!

ANNCHEN [hesitatingly]. Oh, Hanschen. . . .

HANS [bitterly]. Oh, well, it's no use anyway. I am going away to-morrow, you know. And Father von Schigorski will remain here!

ANNCHEN [seizes his hand, gives him a long look]. Oh, Hanschen, you do get so—— And a while ago, too——

HANS [standing before her]. When?

ANNCHEN [imploringly]. Oh, about the walk.

And I did want so to bake the cakes for you. I'd like to do everything for you. You haven't the least idea how fond I am of you.

HANS [*irritated*]. Well, if you find that disagreeable, Annchen, I'll not trouble you any longer. [*Pacing up and down.*] It would have been better not to have come at all. Then at least I shouldn't have had the terrible—— [*Sits down, clenches his fists convulsively, groans to himself.*]

ANNCHEN [*springs up, runs to him, puts her arms around him.*] What in the world have I done to you, Hanschen?

HANS [*clasps her close, half sobbing*]. If you no longer care for me, Annchen, I don't know what I—— Why, I could—— Oh, I am so unhappy! So un-hap-py!

ANNCHEN [*on his lap, caressing him*]. I cannot love any one but you. Even if you do sometimes——

HANS [*holding her close, frantically*]. Annchen, Annchen, what is going to come of this?

ANNCHEN. Let come what will, Hanschen! I don't care about anything, if I only have you. . . .

HANS [*in despair*]. I believe Father von Schigorski is right! I believe I shall bring you ill-luck!

ANNCHEN. Oh, Hanschen, let's not think of what

will come. But you mustn't act so toward everybody. [Draws away from him and sits down beside him, pulling up a chair.] You come out too frankly with everything.

HANS. I have to say what I think. I cannot pretend, you know.

ANNCHEN. This morning you didn't want to go to early mass.

HANS [*moves quite close, puts his arm around her*]. I was there, Annchen.

ANNCHEN. Yes, because I wakened you, Hansie. Just wait, God will punish you some time, because you are such a sinful person.

HANS [*very close*]. Oh, do you know, Annchen, what I thought this morning when you stood out there before my room to waken me?

ANNCHEN. No, Hanschen. Do tell me! I don't know.

HANS [*in rising excitement*]. Can't you think at all?

ANNCHEN [*with restraint*]. Oh, it isn't anything. You are just talking!

HANS [*passionately*]. No, it's really something. I will tell you. But lay your head here. There! Quite close! [Lays her head on his breast and he puts

*his arms around her. Almost whispering.]* I thought it would be so nice if you would come in! *[Pressing her wildly.]* Oh, Annchen, wouldn't it?

*[ANNCHEN silently yields to his kisses.]*

HANS *[passionately]*. So beautiful! So beautiful! So beau-ti-ful! Do you know what I could do? I could kiss you to death!

ANNCHEN *[in his arms]*. And I could eat you up!

*[Short pause. They embrace.]*

ANNCHEN *[softly]*. Hanschen, wasn't it very beautiful at church? Shan't we go again to-morrow, Hanschen?

HANS *[coming closer again]*. Yes, and first you will come and waken me again, won't you, Annchen? Oh, promise me!

ANNCHEN. And then you'll stay at least a week longer!

HANS *[dismayed]*. Oh, by Jove! That's so! To-morrow I'll be away! To-morrow at this time! No one knows where. Oh, Annchen, Annchen!

ANNCHEN. No, you must stay at least a week longer, won't you, Hanschen? Five days?

HANS *[in despair]*. Yes, but what good will it do, Annchen? After a week you will come again and say, another week! And then another week! And

so on and so on! I cannot stay here forever. I really must go out into the world!

ANNCHEN. Why, Hanschen? Why can you not stay here forever?

HANS [*sadly*]. Well, jest if you want to, Annchen! I don't feel like it at all.

ANNCHEN [*stubbornly*]. You stay here and learn Polish and help uncle look after things. We have enough to do here, too, if we want to. And afterward you get your parents to give you some money, and buy a large estate here. And then you will not go away at all. Then we shall always be together.

HANS [*excited*]. And my parents! And my future! And everything! Oh, Annchen, Annchen! If you knew how hard it is. . . . If I only had not come! If I had only never seen Rosenau!

ANNCHEN [*obstinately*]. You can do something to please us, too. We love you so much and you—

HANS [*occupied with his thoughts*]. You see I have planned so many things. I cannot stay here! When I think of all the things that I. . . . All my future! To give all that up! And I have pictured it all out so beautifully to myself! That was my one thought at school, when I once got out, what

wonderful experiences I should have! And all that— [Drops his head on his hands in despair.]

ANNCHEN. I won't say a word about myself. You don't think of me anyway! But of uncle. How glad he would be if you would stay here!

HANS [*interrupting excitedly*]. So I don't think of you anyway! Of whom do I think then? Why, I tell you you haven't the least idea! My heart is breaking and you. . . . [Springs up and runs to and fro.] Why, I can't comprehend it at all! Now I have finally found some one. From childhood on I have longed for her, and now—now I must go away again! Why, I'd like to— [Suddenly begins to sob loudly, with his head on the writing-desk.]

ANNCHEN [*goes softly to him, lays her hand upon his head*]. Well, you shall go, Hanschen. I'll not say a word. But you must add just a few days. You will leave us alone soon enough!

HANS [*springing up, excited*]. And then it will begin all over again. Then it will be harder than ever. And finally. . . . Just to be away! away! away! And better to-day than to-morrow! [Goes up and down.]

ANNCHEN [*has sat down on the chair by the writing-desk, ill-humoredly*]. Oh, all you can do is to turn a

poor girl's head, and then afterward you will make fun of me into the bargain.

HANS [*letting go of her*]. Well, if that's what you think, Anna! Then to be sure—*then* I will no longer— Anna, do you really think that?

ANNCHEN. Oh, Hans, I really don't know.  
[*Buries her head in her hands.*]

HANS [*coldly*]. Very well! All right! If you do not know that! Then this ends it! Then all is over between us! You mustn't let yourself be made fun of. So that's the end. [*Walks with great strides up and down.*]

[ANNCHEN is silent.]

HANS [*sullenly*]. At any rate, you make it easy for one. [*The door opens.*]

HOPPE [*enters, in his house-coat, in high spirits, looks around*]. Well, children, what has been going on here? Have you been quarrelling again?

HANS [*comes to the table*]. Oh, not at all, Uncle Hoppe. We have just been telling each other the truth a bit. Nothing more. Now everything is all right again. [*Sits down.*]

HOPPE [*sits down, absent-mindedly*]. Is it? I am glad. You have had your coffee already, as I see.

ANNCHEN [*has regained her self-possession quickly,*

*stands beside HOPPE].* We have had such lovely cakes, uncle dear!

HOPPE. You can't tempt me with those, Anna. But do you know what you can do? You can bring us something good to drink.

ANNCHEN. What will you have, uncle dear, beer or wine?

HOPPE. As a matter of precaution bring both, Anna. And then clear off the table at once. You will have something to drink, too, Hans?

HANS [*pleasantly*]. Oh, I am always ready, Uncle Hoppe!

[ANNCHEN *clears off the table.*]

HOPPE. Always ready! So am I. I was at your age and have kept it up till to-day. Especially at this time in the afternoon I like to sit over a glass of wine or beer. But I prefer beer lately. What will you take, Hans?

HANS. Well, if I may choose, Uncle Hoppe, to be frank, I'd rather have wine.

HOPPE. Very well, then, wine. You have only to say. Our young lady will bring everything with lightning speed.

ANNCHEN [*with the coffee service at the door.*]. Certainly, uncle. I'm going. [Exit.

HOPPE. Will you open the window a little, Hans?

HANS [*jumping up*]. At once, Uncle Hoppe.  
[*Goes to the window, opens it, draws a deep breath.*] Magnificent air!

HOPPE. Yes, that's what I like on such a day as to-day. . . . The windows open and the spring air coming in and we sit and chat about when we were young, that is, not you, but I, and your dear mother. . . . Oh, what I was going to ask you, Hans, how do you like Anna?

HANS [*has come back from the window, has sat down again, unembarrassed*]. I like Anna very much, Uncle Hoppe.

HOPPE. Very much? I am glad. I have taken great pains with Anna. She came to me a little girl. The affair of her parents. . . . You know the story, don't you, Hans?

HANS. Yes, Uncle Hoppe, and it has always impressed me so much, that you have taken care of Anna so quite—quite without—without prejudice.

HOPPE. But you can't let the poor child suffer because her parents sinned. You will realize that yourself some day.

HANS [*confused*]. Oh, I—I—

ANNCHEN [*enters, bringing on a tray a carafe with*

*Hungarian wine, beer bottles and glasses; puts everything on the table].* Is that all right, uncle dear?

HOPPE. Quite right, my child. Just let them stand! Every one will pour his own. I see you were sensible enough to bring a glass for yourself. [Pours out some beer for himself.]

ANNCHEN [has sat down]. Yes, uncle, if I may. We surely must drink as long as Hans is here. [Is about to pour wine for HANS.]

HANS [motioning her away]. Never mind, Annchen, I'll do that myself. I won't trouble you. Just pour yourself some.

[ANNCHEN, with an imploring look, offers him the caraffe. HANS fills his glass, gives the caraffe back to ANNCHEN, pretends not to notice her.]

HOPPE [raising his glass]. Let us drink to the health of dear Emma, your mother, Hans, of whom you are the very image.

HANS [touches glasses with him]. Prosit, Uncle Hoppe, and to your health, too.

HOPPE. To the time twenty-five years ago! Won't you drink to that, too, Annchen, with your cousin? You should have seen your uncle in those days, Anna.

ANNCHEN [*raising her glass with a look at HANS*]. If Hanschen will drink with me. . . . I really don't know.

HANS [*likewise raising his glass, stubbornly*]. If I will? I should think, it's if you will, Anna. It does not depend on me. [*Touches glasses with her*.] Prosit, Annchen! That you may soon be rid of me! That I can no longer make fun of you! We'll drink to that! [*Drinks*.]

HOPPE [*merrily*]. So you have made fun of her, Hans? Quite right. She deserves it, too. And now as an act of reconciliation, she shall sing us something.

ANNCHEN [*sipping her wine*]. Oh, but, uncle dear, I can't sing anything.

HOPPE [*drinking*]. You can't sing anything? What have you had lessons for, then? Just show your cousin!

HANS [*with desperate gaiety*]. Yes, do sing, Annchen! Do sing! A farewell song! Farewell forever!

ANNCHEN [*rising*]. Hans, do you know the song, "Long, long ago?" That fits exactly. It is so very sad.

HANS. No, I do not know it. But you must sing it. It sounds all right.

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[ANNCHEN goes toward the drawing-room, throws the portières back somewhat, goes in. One can hear her strike a few notes without seeing her.]

HOPPE [humming to himself]. Long, long ago . . . long, long ago. That's so, you can believe me, Hans. [Drinks thoughtfully.]

HANS [emptying his glass]. I believe it, Uncle Hoppe.

HOPPE. But, nevertheless, it was. Just ask your mother, Hans. Or rather don't ask her, or she might be angry, the good child.

ANNCHEN [sings in the drawing-room]. "Long, long ago!"

[In the front room they sip their glasses in silent absorption.]

HOPPE [rises after a few moments, goes on tiptoe to the bookcase, comes back with a cigar box; in an undertone]. Perhaps you'd like to light one, Hans?

HANS [in the same manner]. No, thank you, Uncle Hoppe. Not yet. You know, that is a habit I haven't acquired yet.

HOPPE [stands at the table, lights a cigar; in a low tone]. At your age I was a sturdy smoker. But I used a pipe, of course. Cigars would have been too expensive. [Sits down again.]

[ANNCHEN has finished her song; the tones have died away. Brief silence.]

HANS [half to himself]. Long, long ago. I've been thinking, Uncle Hoppe, how it must seem, to sit so and think of one's youth, of all the beautiful experiences that one has had.

HOPPE [listening]. Do you hear the thrush singing out in the garden? The spring out there, you see, has remained young. But we grow old and gray, ourselves. But that should not hinder us from striking up a tune, *too*. We surely shouldn't let ourselves feel ashamed before you young people.

HANS [enthusiastically]. Oh, yes, Uncle Hoppe—a college song.

ANNCHEN [has returned to the front room]. There, you see, uncle dear, I said that when Hans was here you would sing.

HOPPE. In order that you may see, Hans, we could also do things. We were your equals in every way. [Takes a drink, clears his throat, begins to sing.] "I'm sitting in the cellar deep——" [Stopping.] But I really must accompany myself. [Rises, goes into the drawing-room. During the following, one can hear him sing the first stanza and now and then strike a note.]

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ANNCHEN [*has sat down beside HANS, depressed*].  
Was the song all right, Hanschen, that I sang?

HANS [*strikes his glass on the table*]. That was all right, Anna. That fitted. [*Humming*]: "Sing me the song"—[*softly*—"I delighted to hear." Ah, if it were only true!

ANNCHEN. When you are gone, Hanschen, you can remember that I sang that. Then you can remember me.

HANS. Then I shall remember you.

ANNCHEN. And some time when you come again—

HANS. Come again, Anna? Heavens! Who knows when?

ANNCHEN. But you will come again after ten years, won't you, Hanschen?

HANS. After ten—years—[*reflectively*—after ten years! Then we shall be old and cold.

ANNCHEN. Old and cold. . . . You see, Hanschen, then you can come again after all. Then you will have forgotten how naughty Anna vexed you.

HANS [*can scarcely control himself*]. And you about naughty Hans.

ANNCHEN. Then it will come about as I have

always imagined. Then I shall be an old maid and shall sit in the living-room and keep uncle company. By that time he will be quite old, too, and we'll talk about our Hanschen, who won't come.

HANS [*in a tone of grim jesting*]. Whom we shall have long ago forgotten. Oh, yes. [*Drains his glass at a draught.*] Why don't you drink, Annchen? Drink and forget! [*Seizes her hand and presses it convulsively.*]

[ANNCHEN looks at him, speechless, with eyes swimming in tears.]

SCHIGORSKI [*enters, in black coat as before, in singularly merry mood*]. Oh, what a joyful world! Celebrating with beer and wine! And his Reverence sits in there singing a sacred hymn. [*Approaches.*]

HANS. Why shouldn't we? Life is short! Prosit, Anna!

SCHIGORSKI [*sitting down at the table*]. You are right, Mr. Hans. That is the conclusion that the heathen Horace came to. Let us follow his example. If Panna will give me a glass——

ANNCHEN [*rising*]. You shall have one, Father von Schigorski, at once. How jolly you are all of a sudden, Father von Schigorski! You have quite a

---

different look. [Standing before him.] Only you still have to dance, Father Gregor.

SCHIGORSKI. That's the only thing that's lacking! You are right, Panna.

ANNCHEN [*coquettishly*]. Won't you, Father? Hanschen won't dance with me. So I have to get you.

SCHIGORSKI. In default of any one better, Father von Schigorski will have to do, won't he, Panna Annuschka?

ANNCHEN [*roguishly*]. Yes, Father von Schigorski.

SCHIGORSKI [*rises*]. Very well, if Panna commands, then we will dance. As the proverb says, when you are in Rome you must do as the Romans do. There is no help for it, his Reverence will play for us. [*Bows as if to engage her for the dance.*]

ANNCHEN. I'll just get another glass, Father Schigorski! [*Gaily*.] Oh, the dance! Yes, the dance! [Exits quickly.]

HOPPE [*returns from the drawing-room*]. What do I hear, dear people? Who is going to dance? Our good Gregor? The world grows madder every day. I never had dreamed that I shculd ever see that.

SCHIGORSKI. You are right, your Reverence. Signs and wonders come to pass in these days.

[*Facetiously.*] If your Reverence will give me dispensation, as my spiritual superior——

HOPPE [*glass in hand*]. Nor has this happened very often in this house. That is just because you are here, Hans.

ANNCHEN [*in the meantime has entered with her glass*]. Isn't that so, uncle dear? And now he wants to go away again so soon. I have begged him so often. Now I'll try once more. [*With a long look.*] Hanschen, do stay, won't you?

HANS [*coldly and sharply*]. No, Anna.

SCHIGORSKI [*has hastily taken a drink*]. Bravo, Mr. Hans! Concise and clear. Panna has lavished her glances in vain.

ANNCHEN [*turns to SCHIGORSKI*]. Oh, Father Gregor, our dance! Now let's not forget it! Now let's be merry!

SCHIGORSKI [*struggling with himself*]. Oh, Pannie, Pannie!

HOPPE. A gentleman who considers whether he will give his lady the mitten or not! I should not have considered so long in my time. [*Goes toward the drawing-room.*]

ANNCHEN [*coquettishly*]. Uncle dear, just watch. Father von Schigorski cannot say no.

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SCHIGORSKI [*vanquished*]. Oh, Pannie, Pannie, what don't you do with a person. [Offers her his arm.]

ANNCHEN. Now we will dance together and never stop at all. [Goes out to drawing-room without paying any attention to HANS.]

SCHIGORSKI. And a Polish dance, if I may ask you.

HOPPE. Yes, my dear people, I'll see what I can manage to recall. It has rusted in my old head long enough.

[All three go into the drawing-room. Immediately afterward music and dancing are heard. Short pause. AMANDUS appears in the door at the right, the gun in his hand.]

HANS [*who has been sitting absorbed in deep thought, with his head resting on his hand, sits erect*]. Well, well, Cousin Amandus! Well, what's the matter?

[AMANDUS approaches, grinning and gnashing his teeth.]

HANS [*absent-mindedly*]. Have you been shooting, Amandus?

AMANDUS [*grinning*]. Nice gun! . . . I hit so far! [Raises the gun and aims at HANS.]

HANS [*still absent-mindedly*]. Well, you know, I

don't doubt—— [Suddenly.] There isn't any bullet in it, is there, Amandus?

AMANDUS [*still aiming and grinning*]. So many bullets! Quite full.

HANS [*springing up, horrified*]. Are you mad, Amandus? [*Starts for him.*] What are you thinking of, anyway?

AMANDUS [*drops the gun*]. I just joking! [*Holds the gun behind him.*]

HANS [*close to him, tries to take the gun away from him*]. No, thanks! I don't care for such jokes! Give me the gun! What do you want with it, anyway?

AMANDUS. Uncle where?

HANS. Uncle is playing. You can hear him. Why?

AMANDUS [*withdraws to the door*]. Cow is getting calf. Wanted to tell, I did.

HANS [*making toward him*]. The cow? Is that so? All the better. Give me the gun, Amandus, won't you?

AMANDUS [*already half in the door*]. Cow is calving. I'll come tell. [*Exit.*]

[HANS stands for a moment in indecision. The music in the drawing-room has died away.]

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ANNCHEN [*rushes in, glowing hot.* SCHIGORSKI and HOPPE follow more slowly]. Oh, but that was a dance! And how well you can play, uncle dear! I didn't know that at all.

HOPPE. Our good Gregor is a splendid dancer, too! Well, well, how much there is hidden away in a person!

SCHIGORSKI. In every single person there is a devil, you mean, your Reverence. And woe unto the poor soul if the devil ever gets loose! [*Sits down again at the table and stares ahead of him.*]

HANS [*stands at the table, raises his glass.*]. Shall we drink, Annchen? To-morrow at this time I shall be gone; then I shall no longer be in the way.

ANNCHEN [*touches glasses with him.*]. Ah, Hanschen, to-morrow at this time perhaps we shall all be dead. Who can tell?

HANS. All the better for us! But now, Annchen, I want to show you something on the piano. You must not refuse me. [*Goes to drawing-room.*]

[ANNCHEN follows him silently.]

SCHIGORSKI [*starting up.*]. One word, your Reverence.

HOPPE [*has sat down, pleasantly.*]. Two if you

wish, my dear Gregor. In the meanwhile I'll pour me another glass of beer. [*Fills his glass.*]

SCHIGORSKI. Hasn't it struck you, your Reverence, the intimacy of the two young people?

HOPPE. I cannot say so. They are relatives, you know. And then that is the way with young people, anyway. They quarrel and make up in the same breath. We didn't do otherwise, my dear Gregor.

SCHIGORSKI. They quarrel and make up, your Reverence, you say, but do they *kiss*, also?

HOPPE [*putting his glass down, comfortably*]. Kiss? Shall we accept that also into the program? I think we will say yes. I have a dim memory. . . . Now really, my good Gregor, why shouldn't the two young people like each other? Perhaps another marriage will come of it.

SCHIGORSKI. Pardon me, your Reverence, if I remind you of the case of your poor sister.

HOPPE [*sharply, sitting erect*]. There is not the least reason for it, Father von Schigorski. Those are family matters which do not concern you in the least.

SCHIGORSKI. I consider it to be my duty to tell you what I have seen and heard. The principles of

the young gentleman, according to what I have heard, are more than loose.

HOPPE [*more calmly*]. I didn't notice that in Hans at all. If there really is a love affair——

SCHIGORSKI [*very gravely*]. Your Reverence, your Reverence, for the last time! You will regret it! I warn you! It is high time!

HOPPE [*unperturbed*]. Hans is the son of my childhood's friend. Once for all, Father von Schigorski, I have confidence in him. However, we can hear him himself. [*Calling.*] Hans! Hans!

SCHIGORSKI [*disturbed*]. What are you going to do, your Reverence?

HANS [*comes out of the drawing-room, behind him ANNCHEN*]. Here, Uncle Hoppe. What do you want? Did you call me?

HOPPE [*half humorously*]. Come here, Hans. Is it true that your principles are so loose?

HANS [*at the table, astonished*]. What, Uncle Hoppe? My principles! Why?

HOPPE. Father von Schigorski told me that you are supposed to have loose principles. Is it true? Just recite your confession of faith.

SCHIGORSKI [*with difficulty controlling himself*]. Here before his Reverence, I ask you, Mr. Hans, do

you believe in a God and retribution? Have you any faith at all?

[HANS stands silent as if stunned.]

ANNCHEN. But, uncle dear, Hans went to church so nicely to-day, and to-morrow we are going again.

SCHIGORSKI. I ask you, Mr. Hans.

HOPPE. Well, Hans, won't you tell us? Is Father von Schigorski right?

[HANS stands silent.]

AMANDUS [rushes in at the door, screams]. Come quick! Cow having calf! Come quick! Big calf!

ANNCHEN [quickly]. Oh, uncle dear, quick! Then we must look after it!

HOPPE [springing up]. Then it did arrive to-day! I shouldn't have thought it! Yes, quickly now, Anna, see if everything is all right.

ANNCHEN [already at the door]. Quick! Quick!

[Both exit.]

[Short pause.]

SCHIGORSKI [stands up, confronts HANS]. Mr. Hans, you were silent. You are judged.

HANS [rousing]. I don't know, Father von Schigorski, why you ask me about it, anyway. You are not my Bible teacher.

SCHIGORSKI. Why, my young gentleman? I'll

tell you. Because I want to warn them of the ravening wolf in sheep's clothing that roams around and tries to seduce innocent young hearts.

HANS [*sits down at the table, pours out some wine*]. Oh, Father von Schigorski, let's not talk of that at all. We shall never agree about it anyway.

SCHIGORSKI [*halfway to the door, turns around*]. We two will never agree, in truth, as sure as heaven and hell will never agree with each other from eternity to eternity. [*Goes out at the right. Pause.*]

HANS [*seated, takes a drink now and then, begins to hum to himself*]:

And yesterday there were such longing looks cast!  
To-day, ah, to-day, a thing of the past!  
Perhaps for a lifetime they're saying farewell!  
Perhaps after years they will meet, who can tell? . . .

ANNCHEN [*comes in hastily from the right, looks stealthily around*]. Is there no one here, Hanschen?

HANS [*with a start*]. You, Anna? I thought you were out there. No, every one's gone. I am all alone. Father von Schigorski has gone his way.

ANNCHEN [*hastily*]. I ran away, Hanschen. Uncle is still out in the barn. He may come back any minute. You must tell me—— [*Sits down by him, gazes at him.*]

HANS [*sadly*]. Well, what, Anna?

ANNCHEN [*throws her arms around him*]. You mustn't look so cross any more. I cannot bear to see it. You must be friends again.

HANS. I am not angry at all. Just unhappy that you think that of me, that I could make fun of you.

ANNCHEN. Oh, Hanschen, I don't think that at all, I just said it, you know.

HANS [*hanging his head*]. If you only had thought so! Then at least I could get away more easily!

ANNCHEN [*clinging to him*]. Hanschen, I won't *let* you go! I cannot live if you are gone!

HANS [*in despair*]. Annchen, Annchen, what are you saying?

ANNCHEN [*with wide-open, terrified eyes*]. Father von Schigorski wants me to enter a convent. But while you are here I am not afraid!

HANS [*excitedly*]. But, Anna, where did you get that idea? Uncle can never allow that.

ANNCHEN [*as before*]. Father von Schigorski has already written, you see. He has an answer already. When you are gone, he can do with me what he will! You must stay, Hanschen! You must stay!

HANS [*springs up, runs up and down, in desperation*].

But, Anna! Anna! What is going to happen?  
What is going to happen?

ANNCHEN [*rises and goes to him*]. I will not vex  
you any more at all. And I will do everything that  
you say.

HANS [*trembling, with a convulsive pressure of her hand*]. Annchen, really?

ANNCHEN. And even if you do not stay always,  
at least for a time. A few weeks longer! A few days!  
Afterward I'll die!

HANS [*madly*]. Oh, Annchen! Die! Die! Then  
we'll go together!

ANNCHEN [*on his breast*]. Yes, but not yet, Hansie!  
Now we must live and be merry.

HANS [*tears himself away, paces up and down, with panting breath, suddenly*]. Shall I stay, Annchen?

ANNCHEN [*exultantly*]. Hanschen, you will stay!

HANS [*goes to her, clasps her to himself, whispering passionately*]. Annchen! Annchen!

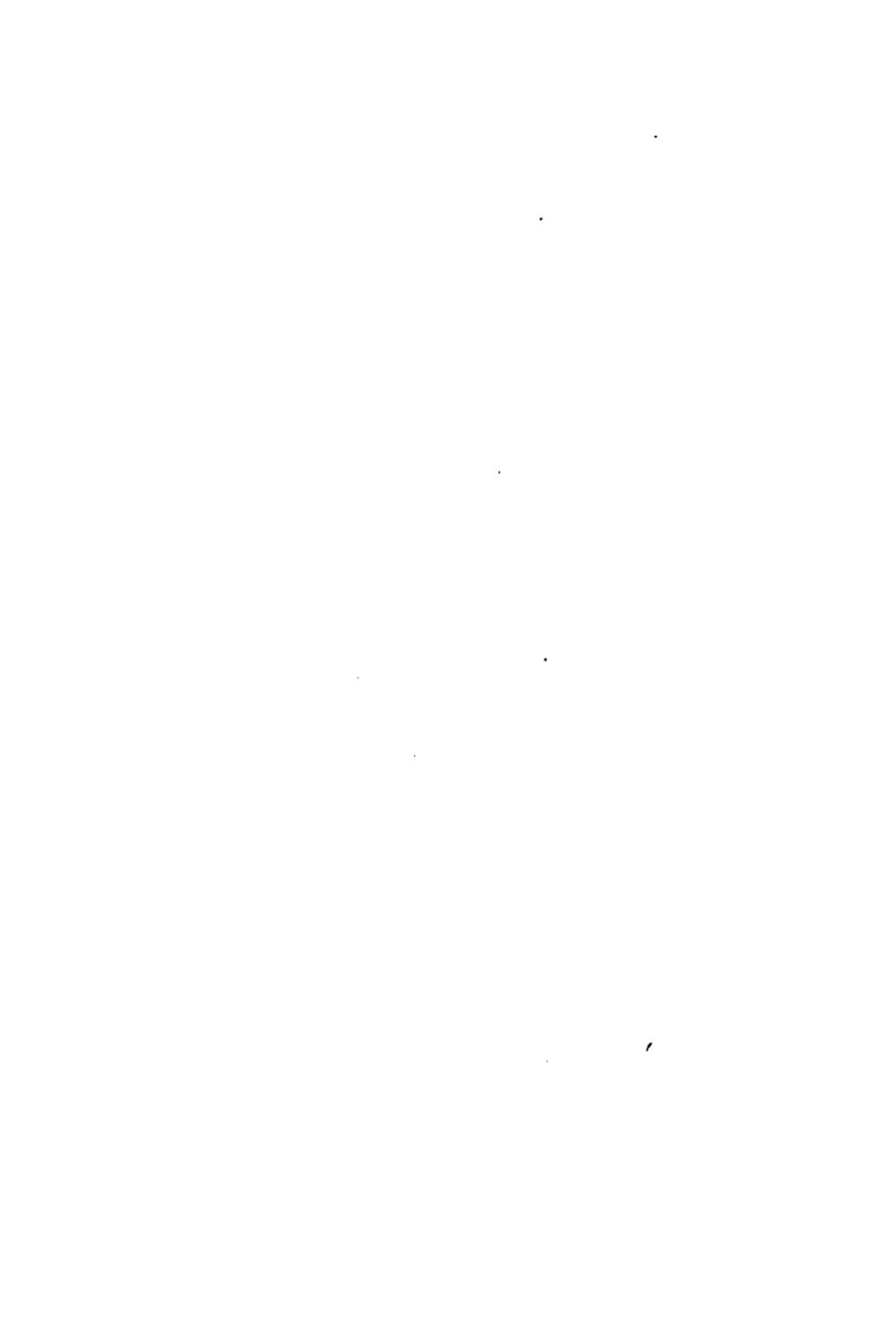
ANNCHEN [*in his arms, weakly*]. Crush me to  
death, Hanschen! Crush me to death!

HANS [*lifts her up with sudden motion and sets her down on the ground again*]. Now let the world  
come to an end!

*Curtain*



**ACT III**



## ACT III

*Third day, after seven o'clock in the morning. Living-room as before. Brilliant blue spring morning. Broad streaks of sunshine lie across the old-fashioned furniture. The windows are wide open. In the garden the twitter of birds. ANNCHEN, in a light morning gown, sits at the table by the sofa, with her head buried in her hands. Attitude of limp misery. Silence.*

HANS [comes from the right, agitated, self-restrained, goes slowly to the table, stands there thoughtfully, looks at ANNCHEN, after a moment, softly]. Don't cry, Annchen!

ANNCHEN [giving a start]. O Mother of God!  
[Looks up frightened.]

HANS [sadly]. Are you afraid of me, Annchen?

ANNCHEN [hides her face on his breast, throws her arms around him]. I thought it was uncle. Not of you, Hanschen. [They remain in silent embrace.]

HANS [with a sigh]. Yes, yes, Annchen.

ANNCHEN. When uncle comes, Hanschen, I really don't know how I shall look him in the face.

HANS [*sadly*]. Do you regret it already, Annchen?

ANNCHEN [*lifting up her head, with a tender glance*]. I don't regret anything as far as you are concerned, Hanschen. Only poor uncle—

HANS [*as before*]. Oh, don't think about it, Annchen. I'm going to remain here, you know. Now of course I shall remain here. [*Sits down upon the chair opposite the sofa, rests his head on his hand, stares drearily out of the window.*]

ANNCHEN [*with her eyes fixed devotedly on him*]. Do not be so sad, Hanschen. You will like it here. [*Takes his hand.*]

HANS [*deep in thought*]. Well, I have promised you! [*Spring*s up, *breathes heavily*.] So close here in this room! So close! [*At the window*.] And yet the window is open. [*Puts his head out, draws in a deep breath, comes back slowly, in a lighter tone.*] Ah, the morning air does one good!

ANNCHEN [*again distressed*]. Oh, if it were only over with! Uncle's coming back from mass!

HANS [*at the window*]. What a wonderful day it's going to be to-day! When I think of going out into the world now! [*Stretches himself convulsively.*]

ANNCHEN [*half to herself*]. I actually believe that this is the first time that I haven't been at early mass. What will uncle think!

HANS [*irritatedly walking up and down*]. Uncle and Father von Schigorski and this person and that person! Of course, if you are afraid of them all! What am I to say, then?

ANNCHEN. You and I, Hanschen! But I am not afraid of any of them. They can kill me if they want to. The only thing I am sorry about is that I am going to cause poor uncle so much sorrow.

HANS [*stopping before her in excitement*]. Then you think that I—I— And you don't think anything about what my parents will say, if I do not go to the university, and in fact—— [*Pacing to and fro.*] Oh, I can't bear to think of it! Can't think of it at all!

ANNCHEN [*softly*]. Hanschen?

HANS [*comes up to her, suddenly puts his arms around her, presses her to him and kisses her*]. Do you love me very much, Annchen?

ANNCHEN [*in his arms*]. You know I do, Hanschen.

HANS [*holding her fast*]. More than anything else?

ANNCHEN [*softly*]. More than anything else.

HANS [*devouring her with his eyes*]. What did you want to ask, Annchen?

ANNCHEN [*again worried, softly*]. If only no one saw me when I went up to your room last——

HANS [*lays his hand upon her hair*]. Last night! But, Annchen, I have already talked that over with you again and again to-day! And now you bring it up again! [*Irritably*.] Oh, I'll tell you, you are only sorry that you—— That is all there is to it.

ANNCHEN. No, no, Hanschen, honestly. It seemed to me just exactly as if some one were coming behind me. [*Shuddering*.] I was so glad when I finally got to your room! If it had taken hold of me! I should surely have gone back!

HANS [*petulantly*]. Yes, and then perhaps you wouldn't have—— There, you see!

ANNCHEN [*likewise, ill-humoredly*]. Oh, one does everything! One throws one's self away, and afterward, one gets the worst of it.

HANS [*thoughtfully*]. Well, but what can it have been, Annchen? Surely not a ghost?

ANNCHEN [*in despair*]. I don't care what it was! Anything! Only uncle! Poor uncle! He's been so good to me and I am so bad! So thoroughly bad! [Sobs.]

HANS [*with tears in his eyes*]. You are not bad, Annchen! You must not cry, Annchen! Oh, I just cannot see you cry! [*Flings himself over her and kisses the tears from her eyes.*]

ANNCHEN [*heartbroken*]. I don't deserve that any one should care for me!

HANS [*raises himself, looks at ANNCHEN, who is leaning back in her chair, then with wild sensuousness*]. Annchen, you are so beautiful! So beautiful, as you sit there. [*Seizes her arm.*] Oh, I could forget everything! [*Quite beside himself.*] Kiss me! Kiss me! [*Bends over her.*]

ANNCHEN [*kissing him*]. Hanschen, my dearest! Oh—

HANS. You belong to me! Now let them all come!

ANNCHEN. Let them kill me, Hanschen! Let them kill me! I don't care! [*Tender silence.*]

HANS [*releases her, walks around again, stretches out his arms*]. Oh, such a sweet—— [*Suddenly.*] And now comes the struggle. Now we must—— [*Standing before ANNCHEN.*] What are you thinking about?

ANNCHEN [*in deep thought*]. I keep thinking so much about darling mother. I wonder if she loved my father as much as I do you.

HANS [*sadly*]. Oh, Annchen! That is past and forgotten. Why do you think of it? This time it will be different.

ANNCHEN [*to herself*]. I can easily imagine how it happened. That is the way we are. When we love any one, he can twist us round his little finger. As soon as I first saw you day before yesterday, I knew it all, at once. And afterward, well, that will be the same, too.

HANS [*touched*]. Oh, Anna, you must not say such things. This time it will be quite a different matter.

ANNCHEN [*undeterred*]. And then you will go away, and I shall remain alone. Just as it was with darling mother. And then the same thing will happen again.

HANS [*excited*]. Well, and what then? What then?

ANNCHEN. But I won't go to the convent. Darling mother at least did not have to go into the convent. When Father von Schigorski comes with his letter again, I shall take the gun and go into the garden under the pear tree, and shoot myself. But you must promise me, Hanschen, that you will not quite forget me, that you will still think of your Annchen. [Smiling.] Of your first love, will you, Hanschen?

HANS [*half touched and half angry*]. So that's what you say, and you think I am that sort of a person! Then just say right out that you want to get rid of me! That you don't care anything about me! Or else you would not talk that way. Very well, then I'll go!

ANNCHEN [*drawing him to her*]. I am your first love, am I not? You told me the truth, didn't you, Hanschen?

HANS [*caressing her*]. Do I need to tell you that again, Anna?

ANNCHEN [*softly*]. Oh, I am so happy. It would be so lovely if you would stay. But I really do not believe it. It would be too splendid.

HANS [*gently*]. But, Annchen, why not? Why don't you believe me? Do you think that I am afraid of any one? I am not afraid to tell it frankly to any one.

ANNCHEN [*as if seeing a vision*]. Hans, you will not stay! You will not stay! There is no use talking.

HANS [*stands erect, lost in thought*]. So I won't stay, you think! [*Walking slowly through the room with heavy steps.*] You think that I am that sort of a person! That I won't stick it out! [*In desperation*,

*striking the writing-desk with his fist.]* And I can't do it, either! I'll have to go away after all! I know I shall! *[In gloomy meditation.]* There is something within me that cannot be tamed. I shan't stay anywhere. Father von Schigorski was right. I'll never amount to anything. I shall go to the dogs. *[Stopping before ANNCHEN.]* Yes, yes, Annchen, as the man said, I shall go to the dogs.

ANNCHEN *[sadly].* My poor Hans!

HANS *[agitated].* My poor, poor Annchen! *[Convulsively.]* Then I'll go to the dogs. Then I might just as well! If it only were over! So that I did not have the struggle! The horrible struggle! *[Sits down at the table, lost in gloomy thoughts.]* When I think of day before yesterday at this time! And then to-day! It's all like a dream! Like a dream! Then I was still on the way! Then I was still imagining it all! *[Springs up in frantic ecstasy.]* Oh, I have been so happy! So happy! I'll never be so happy again! Never—again! I cannot even imagine being without you, Anna! *[Insanely.]* Why that is incom-pre-hens-ible! *[Drops his head down upon the table.]*

ANNCHEN *[has suddenly begun to listen to sounds out of doors, starts up affrighted].* O God in Heaven!

The bell is ringing. Now the mass is over. Now they may come any minute. [Bends over HANS.] Hanschen, what is the matter with you? What is the matter with you, Hanschen?

HANS [*lifts his head, agitated*]. Nothing, Annchen. I am all right again now.

ANNCHEN [*listening excitedly, with eyes wide open*]. They are coming! They are coming! Hanschen, don't desert me! Oh, it will kill me! [Clings to him.]

HANS [*trying to pull himself away*]. Anna, I cannot! Just let me go upstairs! We really can't both stay as we are! In this state! They will surely all see! [Almost weeping.] Annchen, do compose yourself! I'll come down again after a while! Only not yet! [Tears himself away, starts to go.]

ANNCHEN [*sinking down with a scream*]. Hanschen!

HANS [*already in the door*]. Anna, I cannot!

[*Exit*.]

[*Short pause*.]

SCHIGORSKI [*with AMANDUS behind him enters from the drawing-room. SCHIGORSKI in his vestments, cold and austere*]. Good morning, Pannie. [Goes through the room to the door at the right.]

ANNCHEN [*has upon his entrance tried to regain her composure somewhat, stands at the table*]. Good morning, Father von Schigorski. [*Looking around*.] But uncle! Where is uncle, Father von Schigorski? Hasn't he come from the church yet?

SCHIGORSKI [*at the door*]. His Reverence is hearing confession. I read the mass this morning, Pannie. The mass for your mother's soul, Pannie.

ANNCHEN [*heartbroken*]. For darling mother? The mass for her soul? [*Buries her face in her hands*.] And I knew nothing about it! [*Sobbing*.] And to-day of all days!

SCHIGORSKI [*coldly*]. I thought I was doing you a service. I could not know that Panna would not be at mass. I am very sorry. [*Exit toward the right*.]

[*Short pause*.]

AMANDUS [*in the meanwhile has been poking around in the room, comes to ANNCHE*n, looks at her fixedly, after a moment]. Such a beautiful prayer for darling mother! [*Folds his hands*.]

ANNCHEN [*with hands folded, softly*]. Darling mother in Heaven, pray for me! You are well off! But poor me!

AMANDUS [*with a grimace*]. Uncle will scold!

ANNCHEN. Why, Amandus boy?

AMANDUS. Didn't go to mass! God angry.

ANNCHEN. Darling mother will forgive me. And God, too. [Goes off at the right.]

[AMANDUS pokes around in the room, peers into the linen press, gets down a plate half full of cakes, grins, begins to devour them one after the other with satisfaction.]

ANNCHEN [comes with the coffee service, sees AMANDUS at the cakes, rushes to the table, sets down the tray, goes back again to AMANDUS]. Give me those cakes, Amandus boy! These few I put away for Hanschen! And you are eating them up! Give me the cakes at once! [Takes the plate away from him, shuts it up in the cupboard.]

AMANDUS [throws his cakes at her feet, maliciously]. Let him gobble them up! [Pointing to himself.] Will be revenged. Tell everything. Give everything away!

ANNCHEN [calmly, as she arranges the breakfast table]. Oh, Amandus boy, I don't care whether you tell or not. Only take care that you keep away from Hanschen. Or—or you'll be sorry for it.

AMANDUS [maliciously]. You slut!

ANNCHEN. Fie, Amandus! Such words! Shame on you! Is that what you learned in church?

SCHIGORSKI [*comes from the right, has put on his black coat again*]. Shall I disturb you, Pannie?

ANNCHEN. Why, of course not, Father von Schigorski. I am just fixing the breakfast table. You shall have your coffee immediately with Amandus. [*Tries as much as possible to avoid his eyes, busies herself here and there.*]

SCHIGORSKI [*casting stealthy glances at her*]. And you, Pannie? Won't you sit down with us?

ANNCHEN [*turning toward the door*]. Oh, no, Father Gregor! I'd rather not. I am not hungry yet. I'll have my breakfast with uncle. [*Goes out, with a shy glance at FATHER VON SCHIGORSKI.*]

[SCHIGORSKI *sits down at the table, wrapped in gloomy thoughts; begins to pour his coffee.*]

AMANDUS [*from the window, where he has been standing watching, approaches FATHER VON SCHIGORSKI in a crouching attitude as if ready to spring. There is something tigerlike in his appearance. His eyes gleam, his voice is hoarse*]. I saw Annuschka last night. Won't give me any cake. Nothing. I'll tell everything. Tell everybody!

SCHIGORSKI [*rising, horrified*]. What is the matter with you, Amandus? How you do look! What do you want to tell? What do you know?

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AMANDUS [*standing before him, very rapidly*]. I know something about Annuschka. She was walking around in the night. I am up. Something creaks! The stairs! They creak and creak all the time! I go out. Take knife! [*Holds his knife open in his hand, continuing to gesture all the time*.] Very dark! Huu! So dark! Goes on tiptoe! But I follow! I watch! Stranger's door opens! Light shines outside! I see Annuschka! Goes in! Door shut! There I stand! [*With a roar*.] I stab him to death! All his entrails I pull out alive!

SCHIGORSKI [*has sprung up, goes hastily up and down, stops before AMANDUS*]. Amandus! God in Heaven can hear everything, you know! God in Heaven will punish you if you are lying! Perhaps you will drop dead on the spot. God knows everything. Is it true what you have said? Did you see it?

AMANDUS [*putting his hand on his heart*]. By God! By God!

SCHIGORSKI [*agitated*]. I knew it! I knew it! [*Has to sit down in the chair*.]

AMANDUS [*looking out of the window, suddenly screams*]. All the chickens! All the chickens! [*Rushes out toward the right*.]

[*Short pause*.]

HOPPE [*comes in from the drawing-room, looks around*]. All alone at your breakfast, my dear Gregor? And Anna deserts you so faithlessly? And where is our friend Hans, the sleepy-head? [*Goes to the wardrobe, takes off his vestments.*]

SCHIGORSKI [*with self-restraint*]. Pannie wanted to wait till you came back, your Reverence.

HOPPE [*preoccupied*]. And Hans?

SCHIGORSKI. The young gentleman has not yet put in an appearance. He probably is not far from where Pannie is.

HOPPE [*again in his house-coat, goes to the door at the right, calls out*]. Anna, where are you? My dear niece! The mainstay of my old age! Where are you? . . . No one in sight! silent as death! Not even Maruschka. [*Returns to the table, takes a seat.*] Then we shall have to enjoy our breakfast without you. We'll make ourselves as comfortable as we can in this vale of tears. Otherwise you get nothing out of it at all. [*Pours out his coffee.*] We have grown old enough, to be sure. Now it is the turn of the younger generation. We old folks have had our burdens to bear. We have become crooked and lame. Now we'll leave that to you. [*Glancing at GREGOR.*] But on the whole, I can say we have

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borne our little burdens more easily than you young gentlemen. That I have ever put on such a funereal face so early in the morning, as you, my dear Gregor, have on this beautiful morning, I really cannot remember. There must have been something very serious the matter.

SCHIGORSKI. You probably did not have so much cause for it, your Reverence, in your day, as we have to-day in this world so given over to the lusts of the flesh and the devil.

HOPPE [*sipping his coffee*]. I am not so sure of that, my dear Gregor. It does not seem to me in the least that the world has grown worse on the whole. It is probably as broad as it is long. No, but what I do think is, that you are suffering from the effects of your dissipation of yesterday. You haven't even drunk your coffee. Come, drink it, it is good for such little distempers.

SCHIGORSKI [*gloomily*]. I am not at all in the mood, your Reverence, for your jests.

HOPPE [*jovially*]. All signs of the "dark-brown taste." You have heard, of course, of that very common ailment. Or shall we diagnose it as dark-gray misery?

SCHIGORSKI. You are right, your Reverence. I

regret my frivolity of yesterday. I let myself be carried away. I forgot for a moment what is due to my sacred calling. A priest who so far forgets himself as to dance, is not fit to receive the holy orders. I am unworthy, I know. I knelt before God in prayer last night. He has seen my repentance. Perhaps He will forgive me.

HOPPE [*good-naturedly*]. You take it altogether too seriously, my dear Gregor. A little dance is no mortal sin, especially when your spiritual superior has given you dispensation.

SCHIGORSKI [*disturbed*]. But did I have dispensation from my God, your Reverence? When I think that I succumbed to temptation. That I fell into the snare of the evil one. Woe unto him who offers such a bad example. How can I cast a stone at another, when I have committed an offence myself?

HOPPE [*gravely*]. Now you are on the right path, Father. Do you remember what I have always remonstrated with you about? You have always been too strict for me, too severe. You are too extreme in your condemnations. One must excuse the little frailties of humanity. Judge not, that ye be not judged. We are none of us infallible.

SCHIGORSKI. No, we are not. That is true. But one person transgresses in small things, another in great things. The sin of the one can be forgiven, for he has harmed only himself, and if he repents he can come forth from the trial purified and his life can be from that time on like a white dress. But the sin of the other will not be forgiven, neither on earth nor in Heaven.

HOPPE [*seriously*]. I must correct you, Father von Schigorski. All sins can be forgiven according to the doctrines of our church, if they are duly confessed and repented. Do you, a priest, have to hear that from me?

SCHIGORSKI [*fanatically passionately*]. But I say, your Reverence, this sin cannot be forgiven in eternity, for he has not only lowered himself to the level of a beast, he has dragged another down with him in his fall, and has defrauded her of her happiness in this world and in eternity.

HOPPE. Of whom are you speaking, Father von Schigorski? Does that refer to some one in particular, or are you speaking in parables?

SCHIGORSKI [*with difficulty controlling himself*]. That is no parable, your Reverence! It is a fact of which I am speaking. A very sad fact. It is

the confirmation of what I prophesied yesterday. And you would not listen. You knew the world better! Now it is too late. Now all is lost.

HOPPE [*lifting up his head*]. Are you speaking of my nephew? Or what do you mean, anyway? Plainly, Father von Schigorski!

SCHIGORSKI. I am speaking of the seducer whom you have taken into your house, your Reverence. All the worse, that he is your own nephew!

HOPPE [*restraining himself*]. Let us discuss everything with a little more moderation and calmness, Father von Schigorski.

SCHIGORSKI [*losing his self-control*]. Moderation, your Reverence, when a poor, innocent soul is plunged forever into shame and ruin? Ask Panna Annuschka what has taken place between her and the young student between yesterday and to-day!

[HOPPE *rests his head on his hand in silence*.

*Short pause.*]

SCHIGORSKI [*more calmly*]. Ask Pannie, your Reverence! I beg you to. Shall I call her? [Goes to the door.]

HOPPE [*sitting erect*]. Do what you must, Father von Schigorski. We shall see.

SCHIGORSKI [*goes out to the right, he can be heard calling*]. Panna Annuschka! Panna Annuschka! [Short pause.]

[HOPPE, *engaged in gloomy thoughts, drums lightly on the table*. SCHIGORSKI *appears again in the door*.]

ANNCHEN [*behind him, still outside*]. What do you want, Father von Schigorski?

SCHIGORSKI [*gravely*]. His Reverence is calling you, Pannie. [Goes slowly into the room.]

ANNCHEN [*comes in, with forebodings*]. Me? Un— HOPPE [*raises his head, gives ANNCHEN a long look, sadly*]. So it is true, is it, Anna?

ANNCHEN [*has cast a shy glance at FATHER VON SCHIGORSKI, then at her uncle, then flushing and turning deathly pale at the same time, she sinks down at HOPPE's feet with a scream*]. Oh, uncle dear! Un-cle—dear!

[Silence.]

HOPPE [*pulls himself together, though in the depths of despair*]. Your mother, Anna! Your—mother! [Buries his head in his hands.]

ANNCHEN [*at his feet, in despair*]. Trample me under foot, uncle dear! Tram-ple me under foot!

HOPPE [*gazing at her, greatly agitated*]. And you

have brought this upon me? Did I deserve this of you?

ANNCHEN [*half rising, with bowed head*]. Kill me, uncle dear, and then I will be out of the world. Oh, why was I born!

SCHIGORSKI [*has been standing at the window during this scene, darkly*]. Born in sin and conceived again in sin! O eternal retribution!

HOPPE [*has heard the last words, softly*]. Rise, Anna! Cast yourself down in the dust before God, not before me. [*Raises her*.] And now call Hans to me. I will call him to account.

ANNCHEN [*sobbing*]. Oh, I cannot give Hanschen up! Just say it all to me instead, uncle dear! To me! You know Hanschen has such a tender heart! He cannot bear it at all! It is all my fault! I love him so, uncle dear! So dearly! Oh, don't do anything to him! Do something to me instead!

HOPPE [*bitterly*]. Yes, Hans! Whom I have treated like a son! Whom I trusted like myself! Go and call him! I wish to speak with him!

ANNCHEN [*raising her hands in terror*]. Uncle dear! HOPPE. Fetch him and don't worry. Nothing will happen to him. You see, I am quite calm.

[ANNCHEN turns to go, crushed, sobbing.]

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SCHIGORSKI [*steps in front of her*]. One moment, Pannie! Now we have an account to settle, too. [*Draws the letter from his pocket.*] Here I hold the letter from the Sister Superior in my hand. The place was ready for you. I had such beautiful hopes. [*With emotion.*] I have been disappointed in my ardent wish. So now I tear up the letter. [*Does so.*] You are unworthy to enter!

ANNCHEN [*turning to go away*]. Oh, Father von Schigorski, now all is over anyway. Now you can do what you like. [*Goes out with bowed head.*]

SCHIGORSKI [*calling after her*]. All is over, Pannie, between us, also. Try to find another father confessor to absolve you. Not me. [*He starts out likewise.*]

HOPPE [*has risen*]. One word, my dear sir. What does all this mean about the letter? Give me an explanation of that.

SCHIGORSKI [*confronting him*]. I was looking out for the salvation of your niece's soul, your Reverence. I intended that she should offer herself as a voluntary sacrifice for the sins of her mother. I wrote to the Lady Superior in Breslau. She consented. It would have been better than it is now!

HOPPE [*standing erect, with unaccustomed severity*].

And you do that behind my back? Without my knowing a word about it? I am very much surprised at you, Father von Schigorski. Now I comprehend how it was, that the child didn't know which way to turn. Finally she threw herself at the head of the first man that came along. Do you realize, my dear friend, that you have this child on your conscience?

SCHIGORSKI [*sharply*]. I wash my hands of all blame. I am guiltless. I wished for the best. If I had had my way, nothing would have happened. But you, your Reverence? What have you done? You allowed the desire for pleasure that was implanted in her blood to grow up uncontrolled. You wouldn't listen to warnings. You yourself have given an example of carelessness . . . and worldliness. . . .

HOPPE [*red with anger, suddenly letting go of the power which had been carefully restrained for decades*]. What do you dare to say, young man? Do you wish to tell an old man like me how I am to live? What I am to do, and to leave undone? My little finger has gone through more than your head can conceive of as yet. I had fought my battle before you were even born—my battle with the world and with

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myself. Now wait until you have fought them out as I have. And you want to lay down rules for me? Do you think that I will for your sake make myself entirely over, from what I was? [Clenching his fists.] And do you know that these are the fists of an old country lad? That I can crush you if I get you under my fingers?

SCHIGORSKI [*with difficulty restraining himself*]. Lay hands on me, if you want to, your Reverence. Why don't you?

HOPPE. Because I take pity on your inexperience. You cannot make the world go one inch out its circuit. You will learn that some time. Then you will remember old Hoppe, who has said it to you so plainly to-day, you damned Pole! And now I think our paths separate. You that way—  
[*points to the door*]—and I here!

SCHIGORSKI [*turns away*]. I will go, your Reverence. My things can be quickly packed. I will free you from my presence.

[HOPPE *turns his back to him, goes to the window*. SCHIGORSKI *goes to the door, meets HANS, who is just entering. They stand for a moment face to face, measuring each other with their eyes. Then SCHIGORSKI with a con-*

*temptuous look turns and goes out. HANS, who has borne the look unflinchingly, approaches, stands there irresolutely. Silence.]*

HANS [subdued, but firmly]. Here I am, Uncle Hoppe.

HOPPE [turns around from the window, gives HANS a long look, before which HANS casts down his eyes, after a moment, in a pained tone]. So that is why you came here, Hans!

HANS [confused]. Uncle Hoppe, I—I—did not intend to, I— [Is silent, shrugs his shoulders, blushes furiously.]

HOPPE. Come here, Hans, and look me in the eyes! Doesn't your conscience hurt you at all?

HANS [standing before him, penitently]. Forgive me, Uncle Hoppe, I— [Bends over his hand, to kiss it.]

HOPPE. Do you realize entirely the terrible wrong you have done? Or are you too young for that?

HANS [in despair]. Uncle Hoppe, I do know it. But we love each other so! We. . . . We. . . . Oh, I do love Annchen so! I cannot live. . . . Oh, if you only knew!

HOPPE [severely]. And you show that by making your cousin unhappy forever?

HANS [*with emotion*]. I am not going to make her unhappy forever. I really am going to do every . . . I will stay here. . . . Oh, I just simply didn't think about it all—

HOPPE. What didn't you think about? See here, Hans, you are a grown man, about to enter the university. What didn't you think about?

HANS [*more calmly*]. Oh, I think Uncle Hoppe, when you love a person, then you don't think of all these things. . . . Then you really don't care about anything—then— [*Passionately.*] Oh, if I could only tell you how madly I love Anna. . . . I love her more than ever now . . . I. . . . Oh, what is there to say about it?

HOPPE. Oh! Then you don't think about all these things! And do you know what I think? I think that then more than ever you think about these things! That is just the difference between our ways of thinking.

HANS [*half defiantly*]. I can't control myself! We just are not all alike! I . . . After all, I am young! I can't sit quietly, when I'd like to fall on some one's neck! When I'd like to squeeze some one to death.

HOPPE [*gravely*]. Well, my dear Hans, so much

the worse for you, if you can't control yourself! Where will you end in life? . . . I was once young, too, but that. . . . The pages of my life are written full, too, even though they may be a bit yellow with age by this time.

HANS. But your case was undoubtedly very different, Uncle Hoppe.

HOPPE [*quietly*]. Well, it was a very ordinary case, my young friend. We hadn't been infected by romanticism then, like you young people. I was a student, just as you are. But older, to be sure. In my day we went at that more slowly and later. We had known each other from childhood. You see, Hans, quite as it is with you and Anna. And we loved each other very much, too, I believe. But we didn't act this way. We were patient and waited.

HANS [*strangely affected*]. And what came of it, Uncle Hoppe? Why did you become a priest?

HOPPE [*calmly*]. Nothing came of it, my dear Hans. She grew tired of waiting. And I had no money. Finally she married, and there I was. I've always been headstrong. I threw away the scalpel and became a priest. I actually believe that in my stupidity at that time, I thought I should get revenge in that way. Well, luckily, it didn't harm any

one. Neither me nor her. [*Humorously.*] But do you know, Hans, who my former sweetheart was? Now just guess!

HANS [*thoughtfully*]. I don't know, Uncle Hoppe. Who was it?

HOPPE [*smiling*]. It was your dear mother, my young friend. That surely doesn't surprise you!

HANS [*with emotion*]. My . . . mother?

HOPPE [*quietly*]. Your mother. . . . You see, my boy, I might have been your father. I may say that is why I received you as I did, like my own son. That is why I trusted you more than I was justified in doing. And the son of my Emma has ill repaid me for it.

HANS [*distressed*]. Uncle Hoppe, I didn't intend to treat you badly. I did it all because I . . . because I love Anna so madly! [*Sits down, moans faintly.*]

HOPPE [*continuing, in a grieved tone*]. What hurts me especially is that misfortune should come to me for the second time from your house. Your mother cheated me out of my life's hopes. I do not lay that up against her. The dear child could not have done otherwise. And I have become quite contented in my calling. I have become reconciled to it.

For the family which I was not to have of my own, I got some small compensation by taking Anna and Amandus in. All was over and forgotten. And now after twenty-five years comes the son of the love of my youth and does this to me! For the second time takes my hope away! My support, when I am old and infirm. Makes my niece unhappy! My child! My all! . . . I cannot get over that so easily! [Rests his head on his hands.]

HANS. I don't want to make her unhappy! I am going to do everything that I can! Uncle Hoppe, don't talk that way, I didn't do it out of wickedness. Anna shall not be unhappy on account of me!

[Silence.]

HOPPE [*has found his self-control again, calmly*]. And how have you thought out the future? How is that to be?

HANS [*eagerly*]. We have talked that over, Uncle Hoppe, I am to remain here, and—

HOPPE [*almost with a smile*]. What? You remain here? And your parents? And your studies?

HANS. Well, I cannot think of my parents now. Anna comes first now.

HOPPE. And what will you do here?

HANS [*confused*]. I—I— [Shrugs his shoulders.]

HOPPE. Oh, you romanticist! Just tell me, what will you do here? Of course you must have a profession. You can't spend all your life in hugging and kissing.

HANS [*flushing*]. I thought, Uncle Hoppe, I might learn farming here or something of the sort. Later . . .

HOPPE. Oh! And your parents? Have you thought what your parents would say? To the whole affair, in fact? Your mother?

[HANS looks down, is silent. Short pause.]

HOPPE [*goes to him, lays his hand on his shoulder*]. No, my dear Hans, now I will make a proposal, and, I hope, a better one. You go to the university and begin your studies, just as your good parents and you yourself have planned. And, in fact, you will start this very day——

HANS [*raising his head, decidedly*]. No, Uncle Hoppe. There is no use in talking about that. I cannot leave Anna in the lurch! Not even if I—— I'd rather shoot myself!

HOPPE. It isn't so easy to shoot one's self, my boy. Nor shall you leave her in the lurch. When you are somewhat farther along in your studies, you shall come again. Then we will talk about it again.

HANS [*sorrowfully*]. Yes, Uncle Hoppe, we will.

HOPPE [*looking at him*]. And if you are a man of honor, then you will come again. Or won't you, Hans?

HANS. Certainly I will come again, Uncle Hoppe. But why must I go away to-day? At least not until to-morrow.

HOPPE [*decidedly*]. Not another hour! I can allow that under no circumstances. Now I'll call Anna. [*Turns away*.] Then say good-bye and be brief about it. You must be resigned to your fate. It depends on you, Hans, whether you see each other again. Now I'll order the carriage. In half an hour you must start.

HANS [*imploringly*]. Uncle Hoppe!

HOPPE [*quietly*]. No objections! [*Opens the door*.] Anna, where are you? Come here, Anna! [*Pushes ANNCHEN in at the door*.] Now say what you still have to say to each other. In the meanwhile the carriage will be getting ready.

ANNCHEN [*with eyes wide open, and bewildered, pale with terror*]. Uncle is ordering the carriage? Hanschen, you're going away? You are going away!

HANS [*stroking her head*]. But, Annchen, do listen. I'm coming back! Truly, I'm coming back!

ANNCHEN [*disconsolately*]. I knew it at once. You won't stay! That's just what I said. Now it's all over!

HANS [*with tears in his eyes*]. Annchen! Dearest! You mustn't spoil these last moments for us! You don't know what uncle and I—— I'm just going to wait until I can do something. Then I'm coming!

ANNCHEN. And I stay here with Father von Schigorski. And I can't look uncle in the face. And who knows what else will happen!

HANS. Father von Schigorski can do nothing to you. I'll speak to uncle about it. [*Stands before her, looking into her eyes*.] Annchen, don't be angry that I go. Uncle wishes it, you see. Tell me, you won't, will you?

ANNCHEN [*on his breast*]. Hans, we shall never see each other again!

HANS [*convulsively*]. Anna! Anna!

ANNCHEN [*in a monotone*]. You are going out into the world! You will forget me! And I——

HANS [*with tender firmness*]. I shall not forget you, Anna! You see I have become quite a different person in the last few days. I feel much older, very much. Believe me!

ANNCHEN. But I shall never forget you! [Pulls his head down to hers.] And now you must show me your face once more, Hanschen. Your blue eyes. [Looks at him fixedly.] Why, you are weeping, Hanschen! Don't weep, my darling! [They embrace each other without speaking.]

ANNCHEN [listening]. Do you hear, Hanschen, now the carriage is being pushed out. Soon all is over—!

HANS [throwing his arms around her]. My happiness! My—

[AMANDUS, with the gun in his hand, appears out in the garden before the window, stares in.]

ANNCHEN [perceives him, frees herself from HANS]. Hanschen, there stands Amandus out there! Make him go away!

HANS. Oh, Annchen, do let him stay there!

ANNCHEN [stubbornly]. No, he shall not stay there! He is very wicked! I don't want to see him any more.

[AMANDUS gnashes his teeth, plays with the gun.]

HANS [approaches the window, quietly]. Amandus, won't you go away from the window?

AMANDUS [showing the whites of his eyes, boldly, defiantly]. I stay here!

ANNCHEN. He shall not see us say good-bye to each other. I won't have it, Amandus!

HANS [*excitedly*]. Will you go away now, Amandus?

AMANDUS [*with a howl*]. Dog stranger! I shoot dead! [*Quick as a flash levels his gun*.]

ANNCHEN [*with a terrible scream*]. Amandus! [*Flings herself between them. In the next instant Amandus has pulled the trigger. A muffled report.*]

ANNCHEN [*shrieking*]. O my Saviour! [*Sinks down, puts her hand to her breast.*]

AMANDUS [*throws the gun away, with a maniacal howl*]. Dead! Dead! Dead as a door nail! [*Rushes away.*]

HANS [*bending over her, wildly*]. Anna! What! . . . An-na! An-na! [*Springs up like one who has lost his reason, making all sorts of incoherent gestures.*]

ANNCHEN [*weakly*]. You are—not hurt, Hanschen?

SCHIGORSKI [*enters from out of doors, in travelling costume; does not see at first*]. Is his Reverence—Good God! Pannie! What has— [*Looks at Hans, rushes over to Annchen.*]

HANS [*frantically going back and forth*]. He shot her! That creature! That maniac! I'll murder

him! I will! I—— My—— [Beside ANNCHEN.]  
Annchen, don't die! Mercy! Why, she is dying!  
[Springing up.]

HOPPE [rushing in]. What has Aman—— [To ANNCHEN.] My Annchen! My Annchen! [Groaning.] My darling child! [Calling out.] Get the doctor! Get the doctor!

SCHIGORSKI [has been bending over ANNCHEN, looks up]. It is too late for human aid.

HANS [pushes FATHER VON SCHIGORSKI aside]. Not you! I! I! [Tries to stop the flow of blood.]

SCHIGORSKI [in a low tone]. Now let us think of the immortal soul, that it may not be forever lost. [Bends over her with hands folded.] Pannie, do you repent?

[ANNCHEN stretches out her arms toward HANS.]

SCHIGORSKI [louder]. Pannie! As your Father Confessor—in the hour of your death! Do you repent?

[ANNCHEN has put her arm around HANS, ncds as she lapses into unconsciousness. HANS holds her in his arms, makes a powerful effort to control himself.]

SCHIGORSKI [tries to pull HANS away from her]. Pannie, let go!

HOPPE [*has risen from his chair, intervenes, pushes Schigorski aside*]. Before it is too late, Father von Schigorski! Your sins are forgiven you, my child! *Deinde te abservo.* Go in peace. [*Murmuring.*] Soon you'll be with Etta and the others. [*Emotion forces him to sit down.*]

[ANNCHEN *falls back. One convulsive breath.*  
*Her body becomes rigid.*]

HANS [*with a terrible scream.*]. G—one! [*Flings himself upon her, convulsively sobbing.*]

CURTAIN



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